

Sports Illustrated

JULY 7, 1975

75 CENTS

THE BATTLE OF FENWAY

Boston's Rookie Sensation Fred Lynn



**“Us Tareyton
rather fight**



smokers would than switch!"



**Tareyton
is better.
Charcoal is why.**

Tareyton's activated charcoal
delivers a better taste. A taste
no plain white filter can match.

King Size, 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
100 mm.: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Just a lump of coal.
But someday it can help solve
the critical natural gas shortage.



Half the energy for America's industry is provided by natural gas. Getting more is vital to our country's economic health. Millions of jobs depend on gas. Most products you use are related to it in some way.

That's why the gas people are working on new ways to get gas, like turning coal into clean gas energy. Pilot plants are making gas from coal now. By 1980 commercial production should begin on a growing scale. We are also drilling far and wide for

gas. Up in the Arctic. Out in the Gulf of Mexico. In the tight rock formations of the Rockies.

The natural gas industry is doing everything in its power to get more gas. But this involves many factors beyond the industry's control. We want you to know the need is urgent. We also need your understanding and co-operation if we are to get more gas for America.

Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for today and tomorrow. **AGA** American Gas Association



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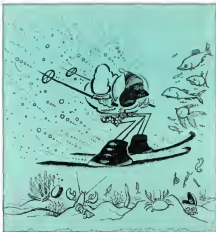
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A THOROUGHLY MODERN FILLY and a cou ragenous colt move into the starting gate for the Ruffian-Foolish Pleasure match race at Belmont. Jack Mann describes the 1 1/4-mile run worth \$225,000 to the winner.

34 mpg never looked better.



New Monza Towne Coupe.



Thirty-four beautiful miles per gallon in the U.S. Government EPA highway test.

It's Chevy's new 5-speed manual transmission in Chevy's just-as-new Monza Towne Coupe.

This dressy new Chevy equipped with its available

2.3-litre 2-barrel engine and 5-speed transmission has a rating of 34 miles per gallon in the EPA highway test, 21 miles per gallon in the city test—better than a lot of foreign cars. Giving the Towne Coupe a potential highway driving range of up to 629 miles, arrived at by multiplying its rated fuel tank capacity of 18½ gallons by its EPA highway rating of 34 mpg.

And keep on smiling.

Here's the kind of new small Chevy you'll be doing all this gas-saving in: Opera-windowed vinyl roof—standard. Luxurious cloth or rich vinyl upholstery—standard. Map pockets—standard. Heavy cut-pile

carpetting—standard. Body sound insulation package—standard. New Delco Freedom battery (filled and sealed at the factory)—standard. Monza torque-arm rear suspension—standard.

The new Monza Towne Coupe. See it at your Chevy dealer's now.

It's dressy. It's fun to drive. And, we thought you'd never ask, it's very sensibly priced.

Ah, that's the smile we've been waiting for.

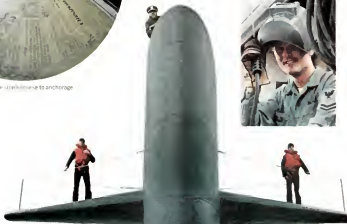


**Chevrolet makes sense
for America**



Charting the ship's course to anchorage

A welder checks the finished joint



Teaming up to secure the lines



A submarine returning home from sea



A Navy career. Because there's more to life than a paycheck.

We'll give you an honest opportunity to succeed.
At a challenging job. With travel. And friends.

Take career fields. We've got over 70 of them. And we'll
train you in one, if you qualify. Train you to lead, or take
responsibility for your own job.

Take education. We'll help you continue or resume yours
through our Navy Campus for Achievement program.

Take life-style. We'll give you a chance to see places you
might never have seen, meet people you might never have
known. You'll have to give it all you've got. But
you'll get as much as you give.

Your Navy Recruiter can tell you what
training you qualify for even before you
enlist. Training to help you become
someone really special. Talk to him. Or call
800-841-8000 toll-free. Anytime.



Sailors in uniform enlisted in the Navy.

*The
Spirit
of '76*
Navy

BUILD YOUR FUTURE ON A PROUD TRADITION

*You know you're someone special
in the Navy's white uniform.*



Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

document: FIC Report 84-2573

MOVIETALK

by SAM MOSES

We are in a strategy meeting of the Houston rollerball team before the world championship tournament semifinal game with Tokyo.

"Tokyo uses karate and other martial arts," says a Houston scout. "So I will review this technique, emphasizing death blows."

"Aw, we get the same lecture every year," loudly interrupts Moonpie, a handsome Munnish player. "All we gotta do is hit them guys in the ganglia. Drive their jawbones up into that mess of nerves. Go out there and get them little fellas!"

So it goes in the locker room of the future, at least the one in the movie *Rollerball*. The game (SI, April 21) could be described as the misbegotten child of Roller Derby and Pearl Harbor and is played, to use the term loosely, on a banked board track between teams of 10 men: seven on skates and three on minibikes that look as much like Beretta pistols as Lambretta motor scooters. The bikes ostensibly serve as speeding slingshots for the skaters, but they also are useful for such things as driving between an opponent's legs from behind at 40 mph. The objective seems to be to wipe out the opposing players by skating over their faces and jumping on their bellies. And hitting them in the ganglia, of course.

ROLLERBALL IS SURE TO BE SOCKO, BUT THE BLOW-BY-BLOW IS A BLOODY BORE

Rollerball takes place early in the 21st century. Corporations have taken over the world and are doing Orwellian things. Sport, as we know it, has disappeared—"I remember someone once telling me about the National Football League and the World Cup," laments one veteran. Rollerball has been invented in order to demonstrate the futility of individual effort.

Enter Jonathan E. (James Caan), super-rollerballer for Houston, which makes him a marked man because he doesn't fit into the anti-ego corporate scheme. What's more, he doesn't think much of corporations or Mr. Bartholomew (John Houseman), who carries the message from the omniscient Executive Directorate, a Politburo in pinstripes, that Jonathan is to retire before the Big

Game, if he knows what's good for him. Jonathan can't be expected to know that because only the corporation knows it. So Jonathan bucks the system.

We get to the World Final and, predictably, after the other 18 players have been wiped out, Jonathan the individual silently squares off against the last player from New York, who of course symbolizes the corporate state.

There's really not much more serious violence here than in a good Three Stooges comedy—mostly a lot of head-spinning closeups of body blocks, gang tackles, drop kicks, kidney punches and elbowed eyeballs, accompanied by whopping and whacking and bopping and grunching sounds and a lovely musical score by André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, heavy on the sepulchral organ melodies. Caan is perfectly cast as the hero who seems equal part antihero, and Houseman's sinisterism is smoothly subtle. Norman Jewison's facile direction leads *Rollerball*'s action, and that is what this movie is all about. Fortunately, it isn't the kind of film that needs a heavy plot. Few people who see *Rollerball* will care what happens between whom anyhow. —END

BOOKTALK

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

For more than a decade amateur dog trainer Richard Wolters has been debunking the hallowed tenets of professional dog training. In 1961, in his *Gas Dog*, now in its 23rd printing, Wolters recommended that a dog's training begin at the tender age of 49 days—the precise time animal behaviorists have found that a dog's learning processes become active—instead of waiting the customary year. While the experts fussed, Wolters went on to prove his point by turning spring puppies into working bird dogs by fall.

Gas Dog, concerned with the pointing breeds, was followed by *Water Dog*, which applied Wolters' techniques to the retrieving breeds. Wolters also produced *Family Dog* and *Instant Dog*. Now comes perhaps the most revolutionary of all his training books, *City Dog* (E.P. Dutton & Co., \$7.95).

Much of *City Dog* draws upon the common sense training techniques advocated earlier, but here Wolters adapts the basics to specific city situations, and in so doing continues to shock experts. For example, everyone knows that big dogs do not belong in little apartments. Not so, says Wolters, any more than big men must be ruled out of small studios.

A LONGTIME CHALLENGER OF DOGGY DOGMA GOES TO TOWN ONCE MORE

"Dogs come in all shapes and sizes, just like people," Wolters says. "A city slicker doesn't pick a husband or wife by size. . . . Why should it be any different for dogs? A good dog, like a good spouse, will adapt to any reasonable living conditions if there is a little love and affection in the living."

The good in that sentence is significant. Wolters has decided opinions as to which breeds make good city dogs, especially if there are children in the family. Bassets, beagles, Brittany spaniels, English setters, Labradors and pointers are listed on Wolters' good list. His bad list includes such favorites as the cocker spaniel, Chihuahua, dachshund, Scotch terrier and Yorkshire. Wolters' judgments are based on temperament, on how much care a breed demands and how easy it is to train.

"People in an area develop the type of dog that fits their personality," he writes. "Mid-European or German dogs are one-man, hard-headed animals who need a firm hand in training. These 'Prussian' dogs are very different from English dogs. Like their owners, English dogs tend to have a quiet dignity and to be good-natured." If you are still in doubt about the breed to choose after reading the book, Wolters suggests that you stand in front of a mirror and study your image. Under no circumstances should you let children make the choice.

Wolters' most interesting advice concerns training the city dog to protect his master. What the average city dweller needs is not an attack dog but an alarm dog, one that will bark and lunge menacingly when given a secret command, such as clearing one's throat. A dog so trained—and *City Dog* provides step-by-step instruction requiring only 10 minutes a day—is safe enough to be controlled even by a small child.

Wolters, a graduate chemist before he became an art director and media consultant, is also a fisherman, glider pilot, balloonist and photographer—a thoughtful man, which makes for a thoughtful book. —END

SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

GUESS WHO'S NOT COMING?

The stunt was shaping up nicely until the French Alpine Club heard about it. A special luncheon was to be served atop 15,781-foot Mont Blanc, complete with lace tablecloths, fine china and crystal, and featuring champagne, lobster salad, roast quail stuffed with pâté, chilled soufflé, coffee and cognac. The diners would be whisked to and from that lofty site by helicopters. The whole scheme had been crafted by P.R. men to promote Grand Marnier and the Association of Young Restaurateurs of France, and invitations were in the mail. But, *non*. Outraged, said the Alpinists. Scandalous, even *far-far-far*, which means nutty.

When the restaurateurs, the luncheon guests and newsmen assembled at Chamonix last week, they were met by demonstrators blocking the heliport. What's more, 10 mountaineers had already climbed to the summit to stop the banquet. Mission accomplished: the diners had to set up their portable gear and eat their meal in the parking lot near a cable-car terminal.

Later, relenting just a bit from its purist stance, the Alpine Club proposed a post-lunch, legitimate climb to the summit for anyone who wanted to go. But the restaurateurs and guests declined in favor of an even purer idea. They all adjourned to the bar in a nearby hotel for after-dinner drinks.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

First the promoters put together what is projected as the world's richest harness race, a \$300,000 go-round scheduled for July 27 at New York's Monticello Raceway. But that didn't seem to be enough. What the event really needed was a special gimmick, they figured.

So, when the winner of the race rears in for the usual ceremonies he won't get a check. Someone—two people, probably—will hand him a chunk of solid-gold bullion worth \$150,000, at 75 pounds, 33 more than his sulky. The other seven of the first eight finishers will be paid off

similarly, right down to a \$3,000 brick for coming in last. The winner can cash in his bar at the nearest bank. If he can carry it.

PEARLY TEETH, DEAR

Judging from early reports, the movie *Jaws* is spooking audiences as much as any thriller since Frankenstein made the scene back in 1931. Swimmers seem to spook most of all, which has resulted in a snapping good story for Dan Rattiner, who publishes five weekly newspapers in the Hamptons, a collection of well-to-do vacation communities on the eastern end of New York's Long Island. Hardly had *Jaws* opened out there when Rattiner's *East Hampton Summer Sun* headlined a warning: **BOYCOTT JAWS**. "Don't Let a Phony Shark Bite Off All of Eastern Long Island," the paper urged.

Rattiner noted that the movie is set in a mythical town known as Amity, and while the film doesn't specify, the novel *Jaws* puts Amity halfway between the real Bridgehampton and East Hampton. Since the shark eats about a dozen folks

before he gets his, Rattiner wrote that residents are afraid the film will frighten away visitors and destroy the tourist economy.

He let that issue sink in and followed it up last week with a front-page letter from "the Bridgehampton police," suggesting, "it would be a good idea to allay the fears of some of your readers that a big shark might eat them up this summer. For one thing, the number of people eaten by the shark is nowhere near a half dozen a day as shown by the movie. Through careful feeding of the man-eater, we have now reduced the number of people lost to the shark in any given day to just one, or at the most, two." The letter held out promise of cutting that number to where "even less than one tourist a day might be eaten." It was signed by Martin Brody—the name of the police chief in the movie.

And how is Rattiner's hoax coming along? The publisher said he loitered around the theater exit the other day and polled patrons leaving the show. Only 5½% professed to be so scared that they wouldn't swim. As for himself, Rattiner hasn't seen the movie and doesn't intend to. "I go body-surfing daily," he says, "and I know that if I saw the movie, I'd be too scared to go near the water."

MAN BITES HORSE (HIDE)

His club is in last place, and it follows that Manager Billy Scripture of the Southern League's Jacksonville Suns is frustrated. But he doesn't punch lockers or kick water coolers the way they do in the majors; Scripture is much tougher than that. He chews baseballs, biting off their covers. "Only lost one molar so far," says Scripture, "and that's a whole lot less expensive than getting an ulcer operation."

NO PARKING

The season is over, true, but at long last just about everybody in town is united on the St. Louis Blues, more firmly than at any time during the year when that NHL team was playing hockey. However, this new unanimity is not based on fancy stickwork, but on a proposed parking lot. St. Louis hates the idea.

The Blues' home arena sits just across a highway from lush Forest Park, more than 1,300 acres highly prized by townsfolk. And when Sidney Salomon Jr., co-owner and chairman of the club, sought permission to convert 6.5 acres into arena



**WE DID IT BEFORE
AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!**

THIS TIME IT'S A NATIONWIDE SALE.



**\$300 CASH BACK
ON ALL FULL-SIZED
CHRYSLERS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK
ON ALL MONACOS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK
ON ALL GRAN FURYS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK
ON ALL SMALL
FURYS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK
ON ALL CORONETS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL DUSTERS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL VALIANTS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL DARTS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL DODGE
SPORTSMAN WAGONS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON DODGE
PICKUP TRUCKS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL DODGE
VANS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK
ON ALL PLYMOUTH
VOYAGER WAGONS.**

We did it before. And we can do it again! This time, it's a Nationwide Sale. You can get up to \$300 cash back on the new 1975 cars that are priced to move. Chrysler, Plymouth and Dodge. These are the cars designed to meet today's demands for reduced maintenance and greater efficiency.

This time, you can get cash back on almost every car and truck. Chrysler Corporation makes. Up to \$300 back on Plymouth, Dodge and full-sized Chryslers. And \$200 back on Dodge pickups and vans. The trucks with big gas mileage** and big economy.

We're moving cars and trucks. And we're going to keep on moving them. This time, it's a Nationwide Sale.

**Come on down to your Dodge
or Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's, today.**



Dodge Trucks



Plymouth



**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

Offer applies to retail customers only at participating Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth Dealers.

*Offer does not apply to 4-wheel-drive vehicles.

**EPA tests showed Dodge pickups and vans with 225 sq-in. engines got 26 mpg highway and 16 mpg city cycles.



na parking, everybody got into the act. St. Louis Mayor John H. Poelker approved the idea; a majority of aldermen were committed to vote for it. But a swell of sentiment surged against it, led by such heavies as the Sierra Club, Coalition for the Environment and the Audubon Society. The city's two newspapers, rarely in agreement on anything, bitterly attacked the plan, and one poll of readers was 5 to 1 against. At two public hearings, 36 of the 41 speakers criticized the lot, four of the other five speakers were either Blues' or city officials. The aldermanic office got 220 phone calls in two weeks, all opposed. And then came last week. Knowing a tide when they see one, the aldermen adjourned for the summer without voting, saving the disputed area for park instead of parking, at least for now.

Such cohesive spirit has a lot of potential. If the club could channel the town's new all-for-one mood into bucking the team, it could play all next season to standing room only.

A BERMUDA SHORT

The last place in the world to look for logic is in Bermuda's Non-Mariners Race, an annual event that drew 19 entries and more than 5,000 spectators last week. After electing a non-beauty queen, the sailors had at it, and some of the non-entries looked strong at first, such as the coffin paddled with shovels by eight men in black top hats, or the papier-mâché jaw powered by four women wielding oversized toothbrushes. But when the three-hour race was over, a crew of firemen claimed the title. After all, they had a raft that wouldn't float and wouldn't sink, said one; what's more, "We didn't start and we didn't finish. So we must have won." Makes sense.

THE THAT BINDS

Hidden deep inside every fly-fisherman is an artist—particularly those who tie rather than buy their lures. And with that in mind, an outfit called United Fly Tyers, Inc. has launched its first annual international competition to find the best of the breed. Officials seek entries in eight categories, including such favorites as the Parmachene Belle and Umpqua Special, and everyone from amateurs to old pros may enter the running for more than 200 prizes.

A nonprofit group based in Boston, United Fly Tyers is dedicated to improv-

ing their delicate art, and while the contest is expected to turn up new concepts and techniques, there is another goal. The last category in the contest is open, and judges hope that a new classic fly may emerge to join the Mickey Finn and Royal Coachman. If that happens, those rascally fish had better look out.

SANTO'S CLAUSE

Keeping fit in retirement, longtime Chicago Cub Ron Santo now plays shortstop for a slow-pitch softball team in Glenview, Ill. In fact, he magnanimously outfitted the entire club. That's why all the uniforms carry his old No. 10.

WIN SOME. LOSE SOME

For anxious fans everywhere, here is this week's episode in Montreal's soap opera, *As The Olympics Turn*. By way of background, a branch of the Royal Bank of Canada was robbed March 14, the bandit escaping with \$3,586 and either 40 or 44 tickets for the Olympic fund-raising lottery. Tune in now on the drawing.

A Toronto syndicate won one of the two \$1 million first prizes and a Quebec syndicate won the other. No problem. But wouldn't you know it, a \$500,000 winning prize number—\$620712 to be exact—was on one of the stolen tickets. The man who tried to redeem the ticket was arrested and has been charged with and pleaded innocent to bank robbery, among other things, but the plot is much thicker than that. It turns out that the bank had bought a bunch of the \$10 tickets for distribution to its customers and theoretically still owned them when the stickup occurred. After the holdup the bank neglected to apply to the lottery for a refund, which would have voided those 40 or so numbers. This means, in some opinions, that the Royal Bank of Canada wins the \$500,000, but the matter is before the courts and the *Lovely Olympic de Canada* isn't paying anybody until it finds out who owns what. Don't go away. There is sure to be another chapter coming up. After all, the show has almost another year to run.

RUN FOR COVER

Since their costumes usually consist of such things as sweat shirts, old pants and sneakers, joggers are seldom victims of highway robbery. But Alfred Nichols reported to Baltimore police that two strangers interrupted his run along a roadway and forced him inside their car

at gunpoint. They drove to an isolated area, he said, and demanded his money. He gave them \$10 from his dungarees pocket. They demanded more, and he gave up an additional \$164 he had hidden in one sneaker.

Then came the real damage. Nichols said the bandits told him to get out and "start running." When he did, they fired a shot at him, wounding him in the left thigh.

WAY TO GO, JOE

He didn't want to pitch this game, Joe Talutto told the guys. For one thing, he had a sprained ankle, and for another, he considered himself more of a slugger. He was leading the Dunmore, Pa., slow-pitch softball league with 18 home runs in 20 games and had a .570 average. But loyalty prevailed when his manager promised to pull him once the team built up a lead. After all, this was Talutto's Jimmy's Club team against George's Bar, a rival tavern.

Then, with his teammates hooting, "Sure you don't wanna come out now, Joe!" Talutto pitched a perfect 10-0 game, facing 21 batters and forcing 16 of them to ground out, seven to the mound. The defeat was not exactly what could be termed a heartbreaker for the George's Bar crew, whose record dropped to 0-9, but Joe Talutto limped off the mound in triumph. The Amateur Softball Association promptly confirmed his victory as the year's first perfect slow-pitch game.

THEY SAID IT

- Doc Medich, New York Yankees, on pitching to Henry Aaron: "It certainly was a great thrill. And someday he can tell his grandchildren that he hit against me."
- Tom Shopay, pint-sized outfielder, on his stature as a Baltimore Oriole backup catcher: "I'm the only catcher in baseball who can give the pitcher his signs standing up."
- Jon Arnett, former All-Pro running back with the Los Angeles Rams, on familiar football clichés: "Calling somebody a great runner isn't always a compliment. You can be a great runner and still be dumb."
- John L. Greer, whose Foolish Pleasure will meet Ruffian in a match race this Sunday: "Match races are an entirely different club of possums from regular races."

END

New cool for a long hot summer.

Ray-Ban SunGlasses give it to you. New cool. A way to meet the sun without discomfort to your eyes. Protective lenses that block glare, ultra-violet and heat-producing infrared rays. Lenses ground to prescription standards so no blemishes can distort your vision. Frames that fit to keep you comfortable despite the mercury. Ray-Bans were developed for our fighter pilots. Enjoy their cool protection. Choose from a wide range of styles at professional eye care specialists or fine stores worldwide. Or get your prescription in Ray-Ban lenses with Ray-Ban frames. Very cool.

Ray-Ban



SunGlasses by
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Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, New York 14602



The Ray-Ban styles here are "Stateside", left, and "Vogelbein". Both are shown with mirrored look, double-gradient lenses. Write for our free booklet "Sunglasses and Your Eyes".

IT WAS LIKE OLD TIMES



In a city that considers any structure erected after 1776 Art Deco, Fenway Park, circa 1912, scarcely rates as a historical landmark. None of the thick red lines painted on Boston sidewalks to direct summer patriots toward the various cradles of liberty is aimed at the old ball park. And that is an oversight, for last week, at least, history was repeating itself there so faithfully that even such a living monument as Johnny Pesky, circa 1942-52, could remark, "This reminds me of the old days."

What jogged Pesky's memory was a four-game series between the Red Sox and the Yankees that had all the elements of the confrontations of a generation or more ago when he was the Boston shortstop and the two teams were perennial contenders. No matter that it was only late June, less than halfway through the long season. First place was the prize, individual honors were at stake and the fans, red lines or no, were finding their way to Fenway in standing-room numbers. And this intimate little brick stadium, when filled or even half filled, leads itself to more excitement than any of the concrete colossi that pass for ball parks in cities with less regard for tradition. Fenway's fans are so close to the field that their own reactions become a part of the action, inspiring heroes, discouraging foes.

True, there was no DiMaggio in either center field this time, no Ted Williams guarding the left-field wall and breaking down the right, and no Pesky's, Rizzuto's or Doerr's manning the inner defenses, but these were the best teams the two old rivals had fielded in some years. The Red Sox are especially blessed, having such

Back in full cry, his broken arm sound again, Carlton Fisk slammed a homer and a double.

The Red Sox clawed back to the top, beating the Yankees in an SRO series so reminiscent of past Hub-thumpers

by RON FIMRITE

superb young players as Centerfielder Fred Lynn, 23, the American League's run-batted-in leader with 54; designated hitter Jim Rice, 22, a .291 batter with 10 home runs; First Baseman Cecil Cooper, 25, who hit .538 for the Yankee series; and shortstop Rick Burleson, 24, a fine fielder and near-.300 hitter.

In one sense, the two teams are defined by their catchers. For New York there is Thurman Munson, squat, roughhewn, aggressive. For Boston there is Carlton Fisk, angular, patrician, vulnerable. Munson is a scrambler, rooting about behind the plate, belly-sliding on the bases, punching out timely, if unspectacular, hits, playing, despite two .300 seasons, in relative anonymity. Fisk is as famous for not playing as Munson is obscure while playing. He is the master of the comeback, who, after an outstanding rookie season three years ago, has been unable to repeat his triumphs because of a succession of improbable injuries. He hurt his knee less than halfway through last season and then, while still recuperating in spring training, broke his throwing arm. He returned to the lineup last week in the grand manner, slugging a home run in the opening 6-1 win over the Yankees Thursday night as Munson, his frustrated rival, quietly seethed.

"Munson and I have been running one-two for the past few years," Fisk said charitably. "Anytime we play against each other, it's a big thing personally. I don't know whether it's contagious with the rest of the players."

"I have no ill feeling toward Carlton," said Munson, although the two came to blows two years ago after a collision at home plate. "I feel sorry for anybody who gets hurt the way he has. The only thing I've ever said detrimental about him is that he seems to get more public-

continued



Old Fisk-fighter Thurman Munson belted cleanup for New York but got a little dirty—as usual.

ity while I'm having better years. I've played six years, a couple of them pretty good ones. He's really only had one good year. I'm not jealous of anyone. I don't want to take anything away from him. I just don't want anything taken away from me."

Being shortchanged by the media seems an odd complaint from an athlete playing in New York, particularly from one who is hitting .341, but Munson, despite his bulldog skills and his refreshing candor, appears to be about as well received by the big town's press as Mayor Beame's budgets. He also seems to have a flair for the undramatic. On the night Fisk hit his comeback home run, Munson hit a ball nearly as far that was fielded deftly off the high wall by Carl Yastrzemski and fired into second base ahead of the Yankee's frantic slide. Fisk had a homer; Munson had a long single—and an out.

The Yankees do have some glamorous players, such as Catfish Hunter and Bobby Bonds, but for the most part they have become, as Boston Pitcher Bill Lee characterized them, "a team of vagabonds with bad wheels." Only eight of their 25 players were reared in the farm system, and they have played for much of the season with a crazy-quilt lineup, the result of injuries which, at one point, felled the entire starting outfield of Roy White, Elliott Maddox and Bonds, all with bad legs. Maddox is still out and Bonds and White are playing hobbled. Still, entering the Fenway series, the Yankees were in first place in the American League East, 1½ games ahead of the

Sox, and had a 19-5 won-lost record for June, testimony to the excellence of a pitching staff bulwarked by the crafty Hunter.

But pitching was their weakness in the first two games of the series and it was the strength of a Red Sox staff that had a collective earned run average of 4.32. On Thursday night, before 34,293, the largest Fenway crowd of the season, the Yankees scored one run in the first and then were blanked the remaining eight innings by paunchy, 34-year-old Luis Tiant, he of the corkscrew windup. Even the lone run cannot be credited to a power attack; paradoxically, it was scored as the result of a sensational Boston fielding play. Walt Williams, the foreshortened outfielder who with some justification is called "No-Neck," led off the game by being hit with a pitch. He advanced to second as the limping White walked. Chris Chambliss then hit a scorching liner to right field that looked to be a three-run homer. But Bernie Carbo made a running one-hand catch before colliding with the fence. Carbo fell backward, stunned, as Williams tagged up at second and continued home before Bernie could regain his feet.

This minuscule advantage was soon dissipated, however, as the Red Sox scored three times in both the fourth and seventh innings. Lynn was responsible for three of the runs with a two-run triple past a flailing Williams and a run-scoring single.

Lynn has become renowned already for explosive production. In a June 18 game at Detroit he drove in 10 runs with a single, triple and three homers, the 16 total bases tying a league record. He is serene in temperament, dark-haired, wide-eyed and both self-effacing and self-assured, a neophyte who laughs off premature comparisons with the immortal Ted Williams or even with Yaz, but who feels his inexperience is not the disadvantage traditionalists would deem it.

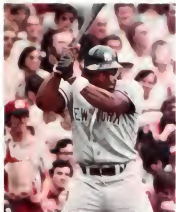
"I don't think experience means all that much," he said before Friday's game, flying in the face of all that is sacred in professional sports. "Ability is the main thing. You can get awestruck if you let yourself. I didn't let it happen to me. I'm not some guy just coming off the farm, you know. I went to USC, which is like a training school for professional baseball. I'd played in Japan and South America before I signed. I went to school in a big city and I've been



to lots of others. I suppose if I'd come directly from high school, it might be different. I'd probably just sit down at the end of the bench and not say a word to anybody. But I'm not that way."

From the first inning of the first game to the ninth of the second, watched by another season-high crowd—35,489—the Yankees did not score a run against the supposedly generous Boston pitchers. Rick Wise, who started the game with an appalling ERA of 5.15, shut them out until, with two down in the ninth, the ailing Bonds stroked a towering home run over the 37-foot-high "Green Monster" of a fence in left field.

Walt Williams doubled to win Game Three.





Munson pounced but Coon Cooper scored.

By then, the Sox had already scored nine runs off three equally incompetent Yankee pitchers. Doug Griffin, who platoons at second base with Denny Doyle, was the RBI champion this night with three. The win moved Boston a half game ahead of the Yankees into first place.

Yankee frustration was best exemplified by the fireplug, Williams, who overran a windblown pop-up by Yaz down the left-field line, then fell down attempting to reverse his errant course. The ball dropped for a double. To show which way the wind was blowing, Lynn also slipped after fielding a Chambliss drive

A Yaz howler drew a hand from Fred Lynn.



to center; then, nearly supine, he made a perfect throw to second to hold the surprised Yankee to a single.

Williams reflected on the vicissitudes of fate the following day. "Everything they did was right. No matter how badly they hit the ball, it was a hit. No matter how hard we hit the ball, it wasn't."

Yankee hits started to fall in the third game on Saturday as they outscored the Sox 8-6 and regained the division lead, despite Yastrzemski's two homers, a double and four RBIs. Munson outshone Fisk with two hits and three RBIs to none and none. The winning runs were scored in the eighth when Williams drove a double through Rico Petrocelli's legs, scoring Bonds, and Munson hit a sacrifice fly to right, scoring Williams, who had advanced to third on Yaz' belated attempt to catch Bonds.

Ever conscious of fate, Williams had protested in the sixth that Yaz' second homer, a rainbow to center, did not reach the bleachers before a nimble fan in a blue shirt plucked it from the sky.

"It was coming down like a feather," he said after the game. "I doubt whether it would even have hit the fence when this guy reached out and caught it. He ribbed me about it later. I told him to keep the ball and enjoy himself." Williams smiled ironically. "It seems that no matter what you do, the man upstairs has something to say about it." He was advised of the double entendre. "Oh no," he said. "I don't mean the man upstairs in the blue shirt."

The principal Yankee victim in this game was left-hander Lee, an outspoken sort who had not precisely endeared himself to Boston fans earlier in the week when he denounced them as "bigots" unworthy of him, a reference to the school-bus strike in the city. Lee later apologized for the blanket accusation, explaining that he was distressed by his team's three losses to Cleveland and the release of his friend, Catcher Tim McCarver. He was roundly booed, however, when he departed the game in the fifth after a five-run bombardment.

If Lee was discomfited, consider the redoubtable Hunter the next day as the Red Sox recaptured first place. In the series' only pitching duel Roger Moret beat the Catfish 3-2, Burleson doubling Carbo home with the winning run in the eighth.

The crowd at Fenway was not entirely delighted, for, as in the old days, there was a sprinkling of Yankee fans in the



Lois Tiant boarded the Yanks for openness.

backwork—presumably migrants from Connecticut and college students. "We had a lot of friends out there," commented Munson.

The significance of the series, attended by 136,187, a record for a four-game set at Fenway, remained hazy after the dust of battle had cleared. The Yankees' laconic manager, Bill Virdon, pooh-poohed its import with the colloquial observation that "It doesn't make a sweat one way or the other who wins it." Boston Manager Durrell Johnson, for all of his team's gallantry in action, did not see it as Armageddon, either, although he conceded that since his team began its second place, "There is always more involved when you're playing the team nearest you. We didn't want the Yankees to run off and hide."

The Yankees assuredly did not. And that is important. But what seemed more significant to Bostonians was that a rivalry that had grown a trifle tepid in recent years was revived in full flower during an exciting week.

"It's good to see the Yankees in the thick of things again," said Pesky, now a Red Sox coach. "It reminded me of the times when DiMaggio, Keller and Henrich, all those people, would come into town. The crowds this week have been reacting to every pitch. The blood is flowing again. It's starting to get like the old days."

And in a town like Boston, it cannot get much better than that. **END**

At the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club in Wimbledon, where tradition hangs on at least as tenaciously as at Buckingham Palace or Westminster Abbey, there was a rather dramatic change last week in the Official Lawn Tennis Championships. The balls, the players' clothes and the thick cream spooned over the strawberries were all still white, and on warm days the popcicle vendors were still shouting. "Wrap your lips around an ice-cold lolly!" But on the tea lawn adjacent to Centre Court the well-known "turf accountants" of the William Hill Organization had pitched a large tent and were accepting wagers on the tournament of 10 pence (about 23¢) and up—sometimes up into the thousands of pounds.

At the outset, Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors were each posted as 6-to-4 favorites to retain their singles titles. The next favorites among the men were Arthur Ashe (10 to 1) and Bjorn Borg (12 to 1); after Chris, the oddsmaker had Billie Jean King at 4 to 1. All that seemed straightforward enough, but Hill's had passed up the chance to set the odds on some even more intriguing possibilities. Like on what day the screaming schoolgirls would finally get through the police guard and rip the clothes off the teen-aged Swedish heartthrob, Borg. Or when, exactly, Ilie Nastase would have his first

WAGERING AT CENTRE COURT? GAD SIR!

Wimbledon opened with on-site betting, which shook up traditionalists, but not the huge crowds. The Lovebird Double was 5/4 to 1 by JOE JARES

argument over a line call. Or in which round Britain's annual hope, Virginia Wade, would feel her muscles turn into marmalade and blow a big lead. Still, the betting at Hill's was brisk and the action on the courts and at the turnstiles was even brisker. At the end of Wimbledon's first week, attendance had soared to more than 200,000, a record.

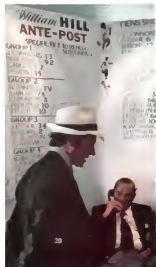
Before the tournament there was some justified hope among the men that Connors could be beaten on English grass. In the previous three weeks he had lost to Bernie Mitton of South Africa at Chichester and to America's Roscoe Tanner at Nottingham. However, there was no sign that Connors was in the least disturbed. "Don't worry about a thing," he said, "at Wimbledon I'll be back on the line."

And he was. With his mother Gloria sitting in the stands and worrying her rosary beads, Connors swept almost effortlessly through to the quarterfinals with-

out losing a set to Britain's John Lloyd and Mark Cox, to India's smooth Vijay Amritraj or to Australian Phil Dent, who gave him his toughest match at Wimbledon last year. Each day he would arrive at the club to practice for a few minutes with his pal Nastase, who calls him "Junior" and can imitate anyone's style. If Connors was about to play Dent, Nastase became a hard-serving facsimile of the Aussie. Despite a bad case of hay fever early in the week, Connors was never in trouble and was pushed only by Amritraj. "If I win it twice in a row," he said, "nobody can say that I'm a lucky player."

No unseeded man made the quarters, but there were a few upsets. Fifth-seeded Nastase fell in the second round to an obscure Texan, Sherwood Stewart of Baytown (formerly Goose Creek). Nastase broke his racket pounding it on the grass in frustration over a line call and left the court in tears.

Odds were posted and bets taken in a large tent set up on the tea lawn. Connors, the 6to-4 favorite at 6 to 4, ramped through early rivals, and superb



Other dreams were shattered. Seventh-seeded Stan Smith, who has not been the same since he blew a big lead in the semifinals last year and lost, was embarrassed in round *our* by South African Bryon Bertram 6-1, 6-2, 6-1. And second-seeded Ken Rosewall, 40 years old with a backhand 20 years younger, who has won just about everything except Wimbledon, lost in the fourth round to husky fellow Aussie Tony Roche.

So the surviving men going into the second week were Connors, Roche, Mexico's Raul Ramirez, Argentina's Guillermo Vilas, Borg of Sweden, Dutchman Tom Okker and Americans Ashe and Tanner. None but Connors had ever won Wimbledon, although Roche (with John Newcombe) had won the doubles five times.

First prize for women's singles is £7,000, which is £3,000 less than the male chauvinists are shooting for, but last week the difference seemed justified because the women supplied much less entertainment than the men. The seeds moved forward routinely except for No. 8, Kerry Melville Reid, who was hurt and had to retire. The top seven played 25 matches and lost only five sets. Evert, who brought her coach-father Jimmy along to see his first Wimbledon, has not been beaten since April. Still, she has yet to beat King or Margaret Court on grass,

and it was almost a cinch she would meet Billie Jean in a semifinal.

The "Mrs. R. Cawley" who showed up in Wimbledon's very formal "Programme" turned out to be simply the Aussie girl who used to be listed as "Miss E. Goolagong." She was married to an English metals broker the week before the tournament's start and was trying for a second Wimbledon title as a wedding present for herself. Most of the week's drama, however, came from Virginia Wade, starring in *Our Gal Ginny*, a show the BBC really ought to pick up. In this episode, against Janet Newberry of the U.S., the sixth-seeded British heroine was down 5-0 in the deciding set and fought back to win 8-6, providing what the *Daily Telegraph* correctly called "almost unbearable patriotic tension."

Apart from the enjoyable tennis, Wimbledon's first week was a marvelous feast for the senses. There was rain on Monday and chill on Saturday, but the four days in between were sunny and hot enough to cause a serious run on the lolly supply. The studs on Margaret Court's new dress came loose during a Centre Court match, and few would have blamed her if she had spurned the offer of pins and left herself air-conditioned. One afternoon, on a patch of grass at the entrance to the tea lawn, a girl lazed in a bikini, another departure—perhaps the most radical—from staid Wimbledon tradition.

And every day came the throng of tennis fans, the morning queues on Wimbledon Park Road sometimes threatening to stretch back to Hyde Park Corner. The teenyboppers had eyes only for the young, taciturn Borg. David Gray of *The Guardian* was watching the Swede play one day, and beside him stood a 14-year-old girl "who spent the whole match with a huge coloured postcard of Borg clutched to her bosom. Every time he hit a good shot, she kissed it."

The attendance hit a single-day record 37,290 on Friday, and it seemed that those who weren't breathing heavily for Borg were stopping by Hill's to wager a bob or two. A Hill's spokesman said that the daily handle—cash wagers alone, not including bets on credit—was £3,500 to £4,000. That also does not count the horse betting that went on in the tent. Painters noted with satisfaction that a filly named Virginia Wade won a race at the Postefract Track in Yorkshire on Wimbledon's opening day.

The idea of gambling going on in the shadow of Centre Court did not sit well with many. The Association of Tennis Professionals forbade their members to bet and issued a statement that said in part: "... the ATP goes on record as deploring the establishment of gambling on tennis at tournaments and asks that Wimbledon and any other tournaments planning to do so promptly reconsider and join the players in helping to keep our game free from the tremendous problems caused by close association with gambling."

A Hill's spokesman said that a small group of bettors put £5,000 on Sherwood Stewart to beat fellow Texan Mike Estep (Stewart and the bettors lost). At Hill's head office, where tennis bets have been accepted for years, someone bet £4,000 on the so-called "Lovebird Double"—both Evert and Connors to repeat as champions. At 5/4 to 1, the payoff after taxes would be £21,000 or something over \$47,000.

By week's end, Borg had not been publicly attacked. Virginia Wade—the very human Virginia Wade—had faltered but not fallen. Stan Smith could still redeem himself in the doubles. Evert was still listed at 6 to 4, but Connors, leading at the far turn, was down to even money to stay in front all the way and win, with or without mama's rosary beads. **END**

weather helped to set attendance records.



Wade fought back gamely to avoid an upset.





Maryland's Suggate has tallied 178 points.

TWO WAYS TO STICK IT TO 'EM

Pro lacrosse's best players, Paul Suggate and John Davis, share only one trait: both are unstoppable scorers **by LARRY KEITH**

a first-place tie with Montreal, which split two games. Maryland, favoring a more controlled attack than the other two, lost its only contest but remained within two points of the leaders.

While lacking Long Island's size and balance, Maryland and Montreal will remain contenders as long as Suggate and Davis continue to show the way. But except for their superiority on the floor, the two Canadians could scarcely be more different. At 5'10" and 190 pounds Suggate is the stronger and faster of the two. He routinely charges the goalkeeper from his left-wing position, scattering whatever bodies happen to be in his path. Davis is more a stylist, the small man—5'8", 155 pounds—in the middle who can whip a deft pass or hurl a rifle shot at the goalie's feet. "John reminds me of Bob Cousy," says Montreal Coach Jim Bishop. "Suggate is more like Jimmy Brown."

The differences extend beyond playing styles. Davis, the 31-year-old veteran who looks every bit of his age, is conservative in manner and dress. Suggate, six years younger, is hip and flamboyant. In their personalities, Davis symbolizes where pro lacrosse has been, and Suggate where it hopes it is going. Although the NLL's attendance averages 5,600 a game, a healthy figure for a new league, it has not yet gained wide support among non-lacrosse-oriented sports enthusiasts in the Northeastern U.S., where four NLL teams are based and where the league must build a strong following if it is to become a long-term success.

Davis started taking the game seriously when he was six years old. As a kid in Peterborough, Ontario, the hotbed of Canadian lacrosse, he sometimes would play all alone 12 hours a day. And the results of this persistence are reflected in his appearance. Despite his slight physique, he has the forearms of a laborer. His thin face is scarred by dozens of stitches. He once suffered a concussion

and played again three days later after telling his coach the doctor had approved, which he had not. Davis believes that showing pain, especially after an opponent has landed a perfectly legal swat with his stick, is to admit vulnerability. Nor does he retaliate after fouls, even those that draw blood. "Stitches don't bother me," he says. "Six of them is a small price to pay for a couple of goals while your opponent is shorthanded."

After a game, even one on the road when the Québecois' plane returns to Montreal in the early-morning hours, Davis will go to the South Sea Restaurant and drink Labatt beer for hours. Only then is he relaxed enough to order his favorite shrimp or ribs dish. If he wants to stay until dawn, South Seas Owner Chuck McDermid will keep the place

As if we did not have enough to worry about this summer, what with man-eating sharks terrorizing our beaches and lightning bolts zapping the PGA, the National Lacrosse League is back for its second season. The name of the game is really box lacrosse, although it is as unrelated to boxes as football is to footballers. Rather, it is the indoor version of the field lacrosse played by U.S. colleges and no more violent than rollerball.

The NLL has a new president, former hockey agent Gerry Patterson, three relocated franchises and an expanded 56-game schedule. But the best thing about the league is not new. It is the superior play of the Maryland Arrows' Paul Suggate and the Montreal Québecois' John Davis, two hot shooters from Ontario, who have ranked one-two in scoring for a season and a half.

If Suggate and Davis do not dominate as completely as they did last year, it is only because the league has improved overall. Every team has at least a couple of slick stickhandlers who can pass behind their backs and shoot blindly—but accurately—over their shoulders. This also helps to explain why defending champion Long Island, which took the Nations Cup last year playing out of Rochester (N.Y.), has begun only recently to assert itself. The fast-breaking Tomahawks won three times last week to earn



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN SALOTTI

open. McDermaid displays Davis' picture on the wall and one of his many trophies on the bar. Perhaps the only more ardent lacrosse fan in Canada is the prison inmate who already has requested two Montreal season tickets for 1985, when he will be released.

Davis played at every level of lacrosse before the NLL took the sport out of the provinces and put it into major cities. Seven years ago there was another pro league that paid \$50 a game. When it failed, Davis was back selling cars and playing semipro for \$14 a night.

"Professional lacrosse has always been my dream," he says. "I just wish it had come along sooner. I think of myself as a pioneer. The big money will come sometime later, perhaps when my three sons play. The important thing now is that we have a league."

Suggate makes \$30,000, twice Davis' salary and three times the league average, though it was only a few years ago that he began taking the game seriously. "In the juniors I was out for a good time," he says. With his long hair and mustache and his roguish, self-assured manner, it is difficult to imagine him doing anything else.

Suggate's scoring championship last season was the first for him at any level, and it came in overwhelming fashion: 239 points to Davis' 183. "I was great, by far the best in the league," he says. "But not now. Maybe I've mellowed because of my success. I've been asking myself what the hell's wrong."

Most probably, nothing is. He still leads the NLL in total points (128 to Davis' 123), and his lower scoring is mostly the result of his teammates' contributing more, a fact that does not make Suggate particularly happy.

"Maybe I am jealous," he casually admits. "There's no way I'd let one of my teammates beat me for the scoring title. If it got down to the last play of the year, and I needed to score to win, I wouldn't let anyone shoot but me."

It is no wonder that Suggate's coach, Cy Coombes, once angrily called him a "hog shot." On another occasion, after scoring 12 points in a game against Quebec, he was fined \$50 for criticizing his teammates and \$50 more for criticizing Coombes. Yes, Suggate is a prima donna. Just ask him.

But he is not the divisive force that description suggests. Like Davis, he is the

team captain, a responsibility that explains much of his brashness. "Paul really isn't a discipline problem," Coombes insists. "He steps out of line occasionally, but it only points out how much he wants to win."

Suggate certainly is competitive, at least for personal prestige. "I wish people had as much respect for me as they have for John Davis," he says. "That's what I'm really looking for."

Actually, he receives considerable respect; he simply does not recognize it. "I try to play the game just like him," says rookie teammate Blair Campbell, the league's leading goal scorer. (Campbell has 60 goals to 52 for Suggate, but Suggate has 45 more assists.) "You can't help but like him or learn from watching him." Of Campbell, Suggate has said, "I never have gotten along with Blair. He plays lousy defense."

That is quite a contrast to the way one of the Montreal players talked about Davis last week. "He's our leader, we listen to him," said Goalie Ernie Mitchell, an Indian who lives on a reservation "for tax purposes."

One subject on which Davis likes to be heard is U.S. participation in what was once Canada's national game. "No American will ever lead this league in scoring," he says flatly. He is not the only Canadian who believes the indoor pro game is more demanding than the outdoor variety. Otherwise, the Canadians argue, there would be more than 17 Americans in the league.

But some observers are not so negative about the ability of U.S. players. Maryland is eager to sign University of Maryland star Frank Uiso, who still has one year of college eligibility remaining. And the Boston Bolts plan to trade for several Americans, perhaps Bruce Arena and John Sheffield of Montreal, considered the best U.S.-born players. Bolt President Peter Birne believes their acquisition would boost Boston's attendance and, eventually, its league standing. "We think Americans have greater potential than the Canadians give them credit for," he says.

The NLL is surely ripe for a few more stars, no matter what their nationality. But whether they could outshine Suggate and Davis is another question. At least for a while, theirs is the best game around.

END

The shifty Davis (right) smokes Montreal's fans with behind-the-back passes and hot shots.



THEY'LL BURN FROM THE START

That's the only way to win a match race, horsemen say, so come-from-behind Foolish Pleasure will have to change his style when he challenges the unbeaten filly Ruffian in their head-to-head duel this Sunday by JACK MANN

The superlative filly goes against the merely superior colt at Belmont Park in New York this Sunday afternoon, the terrible speed of Ruffian against the persistent courage of Foolish Pleasure. It will be a \$350,000 match race—\$225,000 to the winner, \$125,000 to the loser—between the best 3-year-olds of each sex over the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter.

Match races between top thoroughbred horses are rare. Chris Evert trounced Miss Musket a year ago in a

well-publicized \$350,000 duel of fillies, but the last one to excite interest equal to the Ruffian-Foolish Pleasure showdown was Nashua-Swaps in 1955, which Nashua won by 6½ lengths. The filly vs. colt conflict in this one adds undeniable spice. Racetrack tradition holds that females generally are unable to compete on even terms with males, and when a filly or a mare challenges that tradition, interest heightens. And even discounting the battle-of-the-sexes aspect, the matchup is fascinating. Ruffian is undefeated—

unchallenged, really—in 10 races. Foolish Pleasure has won 11 of his 14, including the Kentucky Derby, and in two of his defeats—when he ended up second in both the Preakness and the Belmont—he finished with such a hard-closing drive that he missed winning the Triple Crown by little more than the length of his body.

Both are grandchildren of Bold Ruler, Secretariat's daddy and the outstanding American sire of the last two decades. Foolish Pleasure, undefeated as a 2-year-

Ruffian is huge for a filly, even bigger than Secretariat, and very aggressive. Undefeated, she has lost almost all the way in each of her races.



old and up to now the favorite in every race he has run, is just about everything you would want a thoroughbred racehorse to be. Ruffian is all of that and something more, as horsemen began to suspect when she first came onto the track a year ago. She has won races easily by nine, 13, 15 lengths; her average margin of victory is 8¾ lengths. Eight of her 10 triumphs have been in stakes, including New York's "triple crown for fillies," and all of those stakes victories have been run in record time. She has utterly dominated her opposition. The charts of her past performances—a point-by-point analysis of her races—glitter with the number 1, which means that except for a few strides at the beginning of a couple of them, she has been in front all the way in all her races.

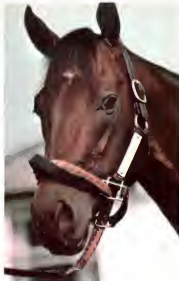
While that is impressive, it is not necessarily the best preparation for a showdown with a tough, courageous competitor like Foolish Pleasure. "She's never been in a fight," worries her jockey, Jacinto Vasquez, who is also Foolish Pleasure's regular rider and will be again, according to the colt's trainer, LeRoy Jolley. (Obliged to make a choice between the two for the match race, Vasquez went with Ruffian, his decision to some extent imposed on him by an ultimatum from Ruffian's trainer, Frank Whiteley. "He made it pretty plain," Vasquez said. "LeRoy just said it was O.K., that he'd ride me back on Foolish Pleasure when I was available.")

Nonetheless, Ruffian is almost certain to be the strong favorite in the betting, her supporters apt to get back only \$3 for each \$2 bet, if she wins. That \$1 profit would be considerably larger than Ruffian's usual return; her most recent victory, for example, earned her backers a dime on each \$2 bet.

Yet her admirers feel this is found money, for they believe Ruffian will break Foolish Pleasure's heart. The expression is not anthropomorphic sentimentality but backstretch idiom, and it simply implies that Ruffian will turn on her speed from the start and that Foolish Pleasure, an honest horse who always tries, will go with her until he finds he can go no farther. Sham did that with Secretariat in the Derby and the Preakness in 1973 and tried it again in the Bel-

mont. But after a mile of that mile-and-a-half classic, Sham had nothing left. Secretariat went on to win by a hard-to-believe 31 lengths. Sham faded to last and never raced again.

If Ruffian does indeed cut his heart out—more backstretch talk—she may, like Mack the Knife, do the deed out of sight. That is, the race may be over for all practical purposes in the first quarter of a mile, before the horses come into full public view on the backstretch. The early obscurity will occur because the race will start at the extreme end of Belmont's "chute," a long straight extension of the backstretch that goes far to the right (as viewed from the grandstand) to a spot somewhere near Montauk Point. As a matter of geographical fact, the start will take place about half a mile, as the better stares, from the finish line. Those in upper-level boxes with hyperopic vision or high-powered binoculars will have some idea of what's going on in the first quarter of a mile, but railbirds at ground level will be lucky if they get a glimpse of the racing silks. Televiewing will be better. CBS will have cameras all over the track, every place but in one of the Goodyear blimps, all three of which have commitments elsewhere. ("You can't get one just anytime," a CBS man explained.) And a helicopter is out: too



Foolish Pleasure: he's used to laugh races.

high, it could clutter nearby Kennedy Airport's traffic patterns; too low, it could spook the horses.

The race is being started from the distant reaches of the chute because of Belmont's classic (or antique) dimensions, which were retained for sentimental—the sentimentalists say traditional—reasons when the track was rebuilt a decade or so ago. It is a mile-and-a-half oval, the only one of that size in North America. On such a track there are only two places to start a mile-and-a-quarter race, both unsatisfactory. One is at the end of the chute. The other is halfway around the first, or clubhouse, turn. The turn is where Jack Dreyfus, chairman of the New York Racing Association, would like to have the match race start, where the public could see it. But starting a race on a turn is awkward, even dangerous. Horses, like most creatures, run more efficiently on the straight than around a bend, although in truth they seldom run in purely straight lines. The better ones weave, and the poorer ones stagger. On a turn, these haphazard variations are often magnified. With the start on a turn and horses bunched together, there could be disaster. But, Dreyfus reasoned, with only two horses racing, things might not



The jockeys and the silks: Vasquez (left) will ride Ruffian; Bazo, Foolish Pleasure.

continued

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be so bad. If the starting gate were placed near the outside rail at an angle, there would be at least several strides of straight going for the two horses as they sliced across the track before they had to veer left. He felt the inconvenience of such a start could be endured for the good of the public, not to mention TV, which put up most of the purse ("More than \$300,000," says Bob Wussler of CBS).

Well, that's show biz, but Frank Wholecay said, flatly, no. Ruffian's super-conservative trainer pays little heed to press, public or electronic media. His filly would start on the straight or not at all. Jolley did not contest the issue, although a start on the curve might possibly detract more from Ruffian's instant acceleration than from his colt's more deliberate start.

Foolish Pleasure seems to have so many disadvantages. He is smaller than Ruffian (an enormous filly, even bigger than the outsize Secretariat), yet under the rules of racing, which say a filly must get a five-pound "sex allowance," he must carry 126 pounds to her 121. He is a come-from-behind horse, yet the experts agree that if he stays off the pace and tries to come from behind he will be out of it. He has no choice but to challenge Ruffian from the start, try to outrun her, try, in short, to break her heart. He will have to sprint with her, which is not his style.

"But he can do it," says Vasquez, and there is evidence he can. Foolish Pleasure won the Wood last April by sprinting from the outside post in a 15-horse field to get good position near the lead before the horses swept into the first turn. "If you ask him, he can give you the kind of speed that Ruffian gives without being asked," says Vasquez. "He can throw you 22-furlong for the first quarter, a half in 44." That is lightning-fast time. In a workout a week or so before the Oaks in June, Ruffian did five furlongs in a fast 59 seconds and there was talk that she had shuddered 44 seconds for half a mile, which is really much too fast for a workout. Several mornings later she did a half in 46½, neat but not gaudy, and last week, with Vasquez out in the early morning to handle her, she did 47 "easily," with the powerful jockey holding her back as strongly as he could. "My hands and arms were absolutely numb," he said afterward. As they finished, a riderless

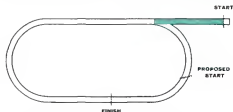
horse raced past them and Ruffian tried to take off after him. "I screamed and begged," Vasquez said, "and I guess she got the message, because she finally let me stop her and turn her around. But what a feeling. No arms, no muscles. What power she has."

That workout had observers babbling with excitement. Even so, Vasquez' respect for Foolish Pleasure remains. "I have to be looking for him to be right there, all the way," he said.

So it is all but certain that it will be a race from the start for both of them. Jim-

all out in the first part of that 1955 race if there was to be a second part. And they did. When Swaps retired a year later he held five world records. But in the match race Nashua came out running faster. Swaps chased him for a mile and then gave way, and Nashua galloped home the winner by 6½ lengths in ordinary time. The race had been settled in the first quarter of a mile.

"That could happen again," Arcaro says. "But what do match races prove, anyway? Alsab beat Whirlaway, but Alsab was all speed and Whirlaway had



To avoid starting on the turn, the 1½-mile match will begin at the end of the chute (above), and the issue may well be settled before the horses reach the backstretch.

my (The Squirrel) Winiger, a racetrack veteran, says, "At the far turn they may both have to stop for a little oxygen." And Eddie Arcaro, for a quarter of a century a master of riding and of coming other riders, says he is looking for "unreal" fractional times in the race.

"They'll burn it in the first part," says Arcaro. "They have to. I never saw a horse come from behind in a match race." Arcaro, on Assault, saw the back end of Armed all the way in their match race at Belmont in 1947, but in 1955, on Nashua, he foxed Bill Shoemaker and Swaps. That meeting had striking similarities to this one. Swaps was a 3-to-10 favorite because he was the faster horse and had beaten Nashua in the Kentucky Derby by leading wire to wire. Then he returned to California to set records in race after race, à la Ruffian, while Nashua was back east taking the Preakness and Belmont by running fast enough to win, just as Foolish Pleasure has done 11 times.

Arcaro and Nashua's trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, knew they had to go

only one way to run, coming from out of it. If you put them in a race with other horses, Whirlaway would have been 3-to-5 and Alsab 8-to-1.

"But they're going to have to train Foolish Pleasure for speed. They gotta try to snap him together so he can go head-to-head with that filly."

They are trying. Braidio Baeza, who took the mount on Foolish Pleasure after Vasquez went to Ruffian, won the Hopeful at Saratoga last August with Foolish Pleasure when Vasquez was grounded for a bit of untidy riding. Baeza rode the colt precisely to formula, hovering off the precipitate pace until the time came to move, then winning clearly and unspectacularly. Early one morning last week Baeza was out at the track and Jolley was asking him to do it the other way round, make Foolish Pleasure give him his speed right now. Baeza understands speed, having ridden the nonpareil sprinter, Dr. Fager. Now he took Foolish Pleasure through a half mile in 44½ seconds, five furlongs in 57½, which is Ruffian speed. The colt's first furlong was done in a frac-

continued

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tion over 10 seconds, which would be fast-moving quarter-horse time if run from the starting gate instead of from a moving start in a workout. Asked if he planned to do the unusual and work his experienced colt from the gate in an effort to enhance a quick start, Jolley said, "I think so. I might very well do that."

In the Oaks, her last victory, Ruffian almost got a 2 in her past performance charts when two fillies closed within a length of her as they approached the stretch. Such impertinence raised doubts about Ruffian's invincibility. Clearly, it was not her finest hour, but she moved away from these putative rivals without trouble to win by 2½ lengths, tying the stakes record as she did. "When she heard those horses," Vasquez said, "she took off. I didn't have to do anything." She turned the last quarter mile of the long-mile-and-a-half race in 24½ seconds, which seemed to settle the question of whether or not Ruffian could maintain her form through a distance. Two years ago in his Belmont, over the same track in the same condition, Secretariat did his last quarter mile in 24 seconds and was acclaimed as the second coming of Man o' War.

"I think I made the right choice," Vasquez says. "She's a funny filly. She does everything so easy. She has all that natural speed."

"But I tell you, she's never had the competition to show whether she can fight when it becomes tough. And he has."

Last summer at Saratoga, a trainer named Al Scotti had a good filly named Laughing Bridge entered in the Spinaway. People kept telling Scotti not to put his filly in against Ruffian. Scotti could read the *Daily Racing Form*, too, and he knew all about Ruffian. But he felt pretty good about Laughing Bridge, who had won the Schuylerville by 13 lengths and the Adirondack by five, and he sent her out.

Ruffian did her usual thing, blazing from the start and finishing 13 lengths ahead of the second-place Laughing Bridge. Frank Whiteley beamed. "She relaxed the first part," he said. "That's what I liked."

Scotti nodded and he congratulated Whiteley, but as he walked away he was heard talking to himself. "No more," he was saying. "No more."

END

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A LADY PULLED IN TWO DIRECTIONS

Geli Pearson would rather think only about rowing in the Olympics, but what about her academic career? A tough decision for a tough athlete

by J. D. REED

Set against the neatly trimmed lawns and well-kept buildings of Harvard's business school, Newell Boathouse, with its decaying gingerbread cupolas and bald shingles, looks like the misplaced summer pavilion of some mad king. Its appearance, however, is deceptive, for inside are some of the fastest racing shells in the world, and the best collegiate crew in the U.S. trains there under Harvard Coach Harry Parker. But the athletes who pull up to the boathouse at 6 a.m. on a spring morning are not the Crimson youth of crewing fame, but a motley bunch of women.

Mao cap. It is a brainy boatload—the cox, Linda Coffman, is a pre-med student at Radcliffe, and Joanne Casper studies water resources at Princeton. From Williams come Gay Symington and Nancy Storrs, who also drives in auto rallies. Is this to be some radical confrontation on the Charles, in which outraged females will burn their oars for equal rights? Hardly. These are tough, dedicated women who meet each weekday morning to practice rowing the eight, tuning up for their ultimate goal, the 1976 Olympics in Montreal.

The last crew member arrives. On the window of her aging Cougar is a large "Ducks Unlimited" decal, and next to that a sticker which proclaims that she has MIT faculty parking rights. The car belongs to Gail Pierson, 34, a woman of sharp contrasts and level-headed intelligence and an athlete of almost Renaissance breadth. Pierson smiles a stunning smile, and with her high cheekbones and sweatband she looks almost Indian. She weighs 150, stands 5'9" and has the slope-shouldered posture that indicates power and quickness in women athletes. Her handshake is as rough as a farmer's, her palms toughened by four hours a day at the oars.

If Pierson were the subject of one of those "profile" Scotch whisky ads, it might read like this:

Profession: Associate Professor of Economics, MIT.

Hobbies: national trapshooting doubles champion four times; twice All-America triathlon team member; twice national single sculls rowing champion; Head of the Charles regatta women's singles champion five years in a row; top-notch cross-country skier.

Most Recent Article: *The Role of Money in Economic Growth*.

Last Accomplishment: President, National Women's Rowing Association, 1972-74.

But such sketchy information only works in advertisements, and it is hardly more than a silhouette of Pierson. But first to business. The women have their act together and get the heavy practice shell into the river. Harry Parker arrives. This is the first time that Parker, who coaches the national collegiate championship crew, has coached a women's eight. In fact, it is the first time that a



CROWELL IS ALONE TO THROW TARGETS

women's national rowing team has had a coach of his caliber. Parker coached the men's eight in the '72 Olympics and brought home the silver medal.

The women row sprints at varying beats. Cruising behind the shell in a Harvard launch, Parker watches the practice with a coach's eye and alternately chides and encourages his charges through a battered tin megaphone. Between sprints the women hang over their oars as Parker points out faults in the strokes of each. "Gail, try to get a little more hair on the catch," he advises.

Parker is impressed with the dedication and accomplishment of his crew. "We'll have an open camp in the summer to pick a final eight for the world championships at Nottingham, England in August," he says. "But the girls here are deeply committed to rowing. Four of the girls have rowed in international competition, one for Vesper, the two from BU, and Gail, of course. Some of the women have given up jobs or taken off from school to row this spring. They want it."

By eight o'clock the shell is off the river and Parker is off to his paying job,

continued

They arrive wearing sweat suits and warmup jerseys, for there is no women's locker room in Newell Boat House. One of them is 6'3", 170 pounds, the size of Russian and East German women rowers, and she's a 25-year-old computer saleswoman named Maggie MacLean. The others average 5'8" and include Jane Lanning and Kathy Redford, both 21, from Boston University's women's crew. Both of them competed in last year's world rowing championships at Lucerne. Sheila Dugan, 25, a Barnard graduate and national eight champion oarswoman, sports a CCCP warmup jersey and a

coaching the Harvard varsity crews. Even in the nippy breeze that ruffles the water, Gail Pierson is sweating, wiping her flushed face with a towel. And she's breathing harder than some of the others. "It's my cardiovascular system," she says between punts. "I've got the muscles, but I never developed good wind when I was little, so now I just gasp and hang in there." She heads across the river to the Cambridge Boat Club, where not only is there a women's locker room, but a woman vice-president—Pierson herself. After a shower and a change of clothes it's Swedish pancakes and milk at a nearby restaurant, where her energetic spirits revive and she can talk. "My normal day begins with the women's eight practice at six, then I lift weights for 40 minutes, then I'm off to teach a class or use my computer terminal time, or whatever else I can to recover. Then I row my single scull for two hours in the afternoon and go to bed with the chickens." Gail Pierson talks about her bipolar life in an earnest, modified Louisiana drawl. She becomes intense when talking about her first love, rowing, but with a sense of self-knowledge that allows for a good deal of humor.

The combined pressures of academics and rowing are beginning to tell on her.

"My field in economics is monetary theory and interest rates," she says. "To put it simply, I apply theoretical knowledge to the known history of how interest rates have developed, using the computer to test various hypotheses. I teach three classes, have 120 students and still try to publish enough to look good. But it's too much time away from the river. So this spring I took off from the job at MIT to concentrate full time on rowing. I'm a free agent now that my two-year term has ended, which makes me just as happy." That may sound easy enough, but the MIT economics department is one of the summits of the profession; indeed, from there many economists make the jump to Washington, like Paul MacAvoy, presidential adviser on the economy.

Pierson got her Ph.D. at the University of Michigan, and taught at Harvard before moving to MIT. "If I never do anything again with my doctorate," she says, "I'll always be happy I taught at Harvard."

She is thinking about taking another job, but this is not her primary concern. "There are several places offering jobs for year after next," she says, "but I'm only considering them if they're near a good river. However, I'm not sure I'll go

on with economics. I've always wanted to go to law school. Maybe I'll do that."

Pierson is not a fiercely militant feminist about jobs, careers and salaries—or sport. "I like to tell the younger, more liberated women in Cambridge about my grade school," she says with a laugh. "I grew up in Natchitoches, La., and the physical education program down there consisted of a boys' bat and ball and a girls' bat and ball. Somewhere around fourth grade the girls' bat and ball disappeared and were never replaced. Now everyone is hollering, 'Equal athletic programs for women.' Well, we had it, until the fourth grade."

Pierson's education in sports was more thorough at home. "My father was an avid hunter, fisherman and horseman," she says. "He had no sons, so I stood in and was glad to. My first job was herding cows, for two sacks of corn a week, which I fed my horse. We hunted and fished at every opportunity." To say that she is a crack shot would be an understatement. A four-time national women's trapshooting doubles champion (shooting two clay targets sent up simultaneously) and twice elected to Jimmy Robinson's All-America Trap Team, Pierson finished her competitive shooting days with an awesome 23 handicap. "I was lucky to have Mercer Tennille for a coach, one of the great doubles shots," she says. "And I still love hunting. But I found out that in Massachusetts dove shooting is illegal. I went partridge hunting a few times, but it's too slow, like shooting chickens." That may take the wind from some macho sailors, for a partridge in full flight makes a duck look like a VW on a three-mile grade.

The problem of finding suitable targets led her, indirectly, to rowing. "When I was a graduate student at U of Michigan I couldn't get much shooting action so I took up sailing on the local lakes," she recalls. "I loved it so much that when I came to Harvard I bought a 505, a fast and difficult two-man darghy sailboat. But then I realized that for it to be any fun I'd have to keep it quite a distance away, in Marblehead or the Cape, and that didn't match up with my computer time, so I looked around for something closer to home." That turned out to be rowing on the Charles.

Six years and many records later, Pierson is still rowing. "I'm getting pretty old for rowing," she says. "I'll be 35 by



PIERSON'S PRIDE IS HER NEW SCULL, WHICH WEIGHS 34 POUNDS WITHOUT THE SHOES

the time of the Olympics next summer, so I have to keep my aging body together until then." And after that? "Maybe I'll go back to trapshooting and sailboating," she muses. "Or the Boston Marathon. And I've always got cross-country skiing."

Pierson is a fine cross-country skier, but she deprecates her achievements in the sport. "I'm just lucky and smart," she says. "I only enter citizen meets where the competition is so bad it makes me look good. I get lots of power off the poles with my arms and shoulders because of my weight-lifting program, but I can't make my feet move fast enough. I was in the Montreal-to-Ottawa race, and it was agony on the second day. Just putting on my socks the next morning was agony. That was last February and I still feel sore. I covered 60 of the 100 miles, but the snow was so wet hardly anyone made the whole distance. Two thousand skiers started, so there was a traffic problem, too."

It is obvious how Pierson earned her nickname—Wonder Woman. Having been successful in such a variety of sports it was probably inevitable that she would turn to the politics of sport and make a mark there, too. In her term as president of the National Women's Rowing Association (NWRA), she instituted important changes that she would like to see more widely applied in women's—and men's—amateur athletics. "I managed to get us a separate Olympic committee for '76, instead of being in with the men," she says. "And I regionalized the organization, which the men still haven't done."

Pierson's social life, predictably, is also wrapped up in sports. A close friend is Seymour Cromwell, a rower of distinction some years back. He won the Henley Diamond Sculls in 1964 and brought home a silver medal in doubles rowing from the '64 Olympics. Now a teacher at the Groton School in Massachusetts, Cromwell serves on the women's Olympic rowing committee. "We're going to the opera tonight," says Gail, "so everything's not rowing."

Pierson has strong opinions about women in sport. "We've been trained to be competitive with one another in life to 'get the man,'" she says, "and that hurts women in team sports. We've got to learn to pull together, particularly in rowing." She laughs at her small joke.

"Also, women have never been taught to put their hearts and souls into anything, except a family maybe. It's only total dedication that will win anything. I tell the women on the eight that we have more to learn than men, because we've got no great women coaches. I tell them to listen to Harry, to know everything possible about rowing and about how to coach it. I even do boat rigging, hull repair and study the structure and history of sculls. But I don't expect everybody to be that fanatic."

In other areas, her notions are counter to the Billie-Jean-King-You've-Come-A-Long-Way-Baby militancy. For instance, Pierson does not beat about the bush in setting women athletes straight on Olympic cash flow. "Of course women don't get as much as men in rowing. That's only natural. We're not winning yet. We're still 10 to 15 seconds off the international pace, and over only 1,000 meters that's not good enough. I tell the women, 'Start winning: then you'll see the bank balance jump.' It's a hard fact of life, but performance is still the hallmark of who gets what in athletics, and it should be."

Pierson remembers when there were no funds at all. "In the spring of 1972 eight of us went to an international meet in East Germany. Organization? Whoever had the fare made the flight. We borrowed boats, borrowed oars, sewed our own uniforms. We didn't even have visas, and the East German guards stopped us at the border. But finally we rowed and showed well, and by that fall the International Olympic Committee voted that in 1976, for the first time, there would be women's rowing events in the Olympics. We don't sew our uniforms any longer, and we've got Harry Parker as a coach."

Breakfast over, Pierson heads for the Charles again. "Today is a holiday," she says. "I don't have to teach, so I'll do a double session in my single scull." The hectic pace of classes, research and rowing will soon be over for Pierson. It will be all rowing. "There are three things for a woman oarsman to do this summer," she points out. "There's the open camp here in Cambridge for the national eight and the sculling camp in California with Coach Tom McKibbin and Joan Lind. And in August there's an open regatta to pick contenders for Nottingham in doubles, pairs and fours."

(Lind, who rows for the Long Beach

Rowing Association in California, is the authentic superstar of U.S. women's rowing. The 1973-74 national single sculls champ and only five seconds off the pace of the finest international competitors, she's the best U.S. hope for a gold medal in women's rowing at Montreal.)

"I may go to all of them," Pierson says, but in any case there will be no ivy growing on her oars. She carries her new West German scull out of the boathouse. "Isn't a beautiful?" she says. "Eighteen hundred dollars and it only weighs 34 pounds. People get very poetic about rowing, and with some justification. The wind moving you along, the sun shining on the domes in Boston, the quiet, the aloneness . . . no student papers to correct, no computer clacking out statistics. Marvelous."

Pierson knows that she is tuning up for what will no doubt be her first and last Olympic competition, and one gets the feeling that she may be somewhat regretful about all the time she has spent as an economics professor. It's as if she's been trying to balance the books of her double life. Perhaps when she emerges from the pressures of a demanding job and world-class rowing, she'll be more content. She tells one story that may be symbolic of her life. "On weekdays I have an hour and a half between classes," she says. "So I run over and put in an hour on the river. Like a lot of rowers, I keep a pair of shoes taped on the footrest of my scull, so I can leap in and leave my street shoes on the dock."

"I came back one day to find that someone had stolen my shoes. I hunted around and finally found a pair of old grungy men's size 12s in the locker room. I put them on and ran back and started lecturing. I guess my class has learned to expect anything."

As Pierson pushes off into the crowded river where BU, Harvard, MIT, Radcliffe and Northeastern crews are punishing the water, a pair of plaid, fat city-dwelling ducks do a slow rise off the water from near her scull, wheeling west toward the country. For a moment, one doesn't know if Gail Pierson will pull an over-under .12-gauge shotgun from under the gunwale, slip them with an oar, hit them with a ski pole or sail over them. The ducks and sport watchers should learn to expect almost anything from Gail Pierson.

END

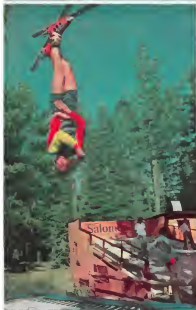
WARMING UP FOR WINTER

Maybe Jean-Claude Killy started it all. His racing style featured edge-of-control turns followed by catlike recoveries, and the Killy era was followed by a generation of hot-doggers bouncing down the slopes. But that was years ago and the sport has grown up. Now it is called freestyle, if you please, and the gentleman flying across the summer sky at right is Darryl Ferges, an aerial specialist. Ferges, his brother Terry and other professionals are teaching summer school at South Lake Tahoe, an open-air classroom where students come down from their wintertime hillsides to learn the niceties of moguling, ballet and stunt skiing, and where an instructor will always tell his pupils to go jump in the lake. Similar training camps are springing up around the country to serve the boom in freestyling, and as the action on the following pages shows, the Class of '75 will be ready to face the future in its proper role: out in the cold

Suited up for summer freestyling in shorts, boots and skis, Darryl Ferges completes a back layout off the Lake Tahoe trampoline, while students (next) show their stuff in workouts on the 30-foot ski jump

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





Tightening up his Moebius Flip—a front somersault with a full back instructor Terry Farges bounces heels over head off the trampoline, while students in background do homework on the moving ski deck



Teaching a trick called the T-diag, Bill O'Leary rides deck at 5 mph with Patty Worthington, then swings into a splashier stunt, a flying spread eagle from the 20-foot jump to a less-than-snowy splashdown.







A BIG LEAP AND A LOT OF FAITH

by JULE CAMPBELL

Prize money on the professional freestyle skiing circuit more than tripled last year and there is every sign that the boom is just beginning. Forty-five top men competitors won \$162,500 in 1975 and 20 women stars went from \$12,500 in 1974 to \$90,000 last season. There now are 2,000 freestylers on a B circuit and thousands more coming up in a young amateur group. Beyond that, says Curtis Oberhauser, president of Professional Freestyle Associates, "Enthusiasm for freestyle skiing in Europe is unbelievable. They are interested in four international competitions next year, one each in Iran and Japan and two on the continent. I think the future is worldwide for us."

Since Americans invented this game, the feeling is that U.S. skiers are about a year ahead of the competition, with West Germans, Austrians and the Japanese coming on fast. And by way of holding the lead, the U.S. is developing summer training centers across the country.

One of the camps is located at South Lake Tahoe, which appears the same as always at first glance: the water shimmers and reflects an azure sky, and stately ponderosa rise from the sandy shoreline. Then suddenly what seems to be a monster bird bursts skyward in a perfect Moebius somersault over the water. And ker-splash. Any devoted freestyle ski nut would register instant recognition. It could only be a Bob Salerno, a Robert Young or a John Clendenin performing aerial stunts. Clendenin and Bill O'Leary, co-owners of the World Freestyle Training Center, claim, "We have the summer facilities for everything from tumbling to aerials, from basic snowplow to the most involved maneuvers in freestyle ballet skiing. We're trying to assemble the finest instructors and most complete facilities anywhere—an elite train-

ing center. Seventeen of our 20 top competitors work out here. Some trade an hour of teaching for an hour of training. Last year we trained about 200 people and this year it will be close to 1,000."

Penelope Street, a hug prizewinner in winter, says of her training, "The ski deck is great: it gives me miles of skiing to get in shape before I get on the snow. My ballet improves, but it's the hours that count—it's like skiing 1,000 miles without stopping to get in a lift-line."

Instruction and training at Tahoe is available in several packages, with the camp operating seven days a week from 9 a.m. until 9 p.m. up to October. A one-week course offers an hour a day on the ski deck, an hour on the trampolene and a daily gymnastics class for \$125. One can also buy a 10-hour course for \$87.50 or a season pass for \$265 that includes a minimum of one hour of deck and trampolene daily with all other facilities open.

"One hour a day on the ski deck is maximum for beginners because you are on your edges and working the whole time," says O'Leary. "It is concentrated and exhausting, comparable to skiing all day or maybe 15 miles without stopping." Clendenin says, "There is probably not a device in any sport that can get someone as far as fast as the deck. In an hour you learn how to use your edges and weight yourself over your skis."

Biggest danger on the 5-mph deck is from rug burns suffered in a fall. Some skiers wear gloves to protect their knuckles, others wear elbow and knee pads, but just about any piece of material between skier and carpet adds some protection. Still, most of the freestyle students flout the perils, preferring cut-offs or bikinis. They also get tan that way but, as one skier said, the real rationale is, "You tempt fate—you show that you know how to ski better than the carpet knows how to burn." Aerial instructors Darryl and Terry Ferges wear Australian motorcycle shirts with padded sleeves that they order from a New York store called The Chocolate Soup.

For mogul buffs, World Champ Chris Thorne uses the deck to teach pole plants, rhythm and balance atop the skis. In aerial instruction, Darryl Ferges says, "We teach in safe progressions, basic safety rules first. Before you do a double back flip you have to do a single back flip; before any flips you have to learn to go the way you are pointed. Many people get scared when they throw their heads back and can't see anything for a split second—that's what is known as a leap of faith. You have to commit yourself and go through that one before graduating to the mini-trampolene and the ski jump." Robert Young, this year's World Aerial Grand Prix champion, says, "Once you've learned balance you can begin learning tricks. This whole trip is for people who are capable of being aggressive and competitive. We get people in shape for competition." For Young, going off the jump is "exhilarating—almost the same feeling as three-meter diving. You're in the air for a long time, but you know that if you come down wrong, you're just coming down in water. Worst thing that can happen is that you'll sting for a while. We wear neoprene ski pants for protection and to keep warm—the water is about 65°. On the jump you get a chance to practice until a trick is natural and you're sure that the first time you do it no snow you're at least going to land upright. I know it saved me a year of training."

Clendenin, the 1974 World Freestyle champion, insists, "This isn't hotdogging anymore. I define hotdogging as skiing beyond one's ability—whether a beginner, intermediate or expert. I'm a professional freestyle skier. I approach my limits very cautiously with as much training as possible and a lot of fear—and when I cross my limits I'm very conscious of it and I want to get right back as soon as I can. You can't touch down in a professional freestyle contest and expect to be in the top 10 without skiing near that limit. But you have to stay this side of it. It's tough."

Cleaving the lip of the ski jump, Bill O'Leary performs a daily over the lake. Ex-world champ Gary Chaffee (right) takes a run and a quick bounce to do a pole spread high above the mini-trampolene.

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Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
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THE NETWORKS ARE TEEING UP

Whether or not you know a mashie from a brassie, you'd better learn to enjoy golf. Before 1975 is over, the three networks will have broadcast 23 major golf events, and last week they all announced increases for 1976. Beginning early in January, when all those guys who look like Barbie Doll's boyfriend Ken tee up at the Tucson Open, television sports fans will be bombarded with a minimum of 30 tournaments. And this will not be a brief phenomenon; the majority of the new contracts cover two or three years.

Ever since a bunch of crooners named Bing and Dean and Andy and Glen invented golf a few years back, the game has been appearing on television sporadically. But in 1976 it will be served up on both Saturdays and Sundays nearly every weekend from Jan. 10 through May 30. Then after a week's break so the players can have their alpaca sweaters cleaned, the sport will return and linger into the fall. This makes it possible for even the game's most ardent devotees to become overgolfed, and indicates that the bidding war for tournaments among the networks has reached the stage where quite a bit of money is at stake.

"The rights fees for some of the tournaments have jumped by as much as 25%," says Bill Hyland, vice-president and treasurer of the independent Hughes Television Network, which will carry six tournaments this year and probably none in 1976. "The Westchester Classic is a tournament we will do this year on Aug. 2 and 3. It cost us \$200,000 for the rights fees. We would have gone to \$225,000 for next year, but when it went above that we said no. The cost of producing the Westchester can run as high as \$500,000. How are you going to get that kind of money back?"

It may be impossible. In the past some advertisers have considered golf a prestige sport and were not concerned about the low ratings of the telecasts. But a vastly increased TV schedule is certain to make some of those sponsors take a more businesslike approach. Compared to major team events like the Super Bowl and the World Series, golf's prime attractions are not competitive in the ratings. The 1971 Bing Crosby National pro-am drew golf's largest television audience—28.9 million viewers. But it had Arnold Palmer bat-

ting for the championship and came on immediately following a Super Bowl which had pulled in an audience of 60 million, a fortunate set of circumstances indeed.

Ratings experts believe that the early part of the PGA schedule—during the winter—is the best time to put golf on TV because "the hat levels are high." Come spring and those hats get pretty empty. This year's Sunday round of the Crosby was seen in 10.1 million homes, very large for a golf audience. But the Saturday round of the Byron Nelson Golf Classic in May was a ratings disaster: it was viewed in only 1.9 million homes. True enough, ratings cannot measure how many people watch golf in country clubs after finishing an afternoon's play, and some sponsors believe a lot of affluent folks do just that. It is one of the "prestige" elements that has made golf less dependent than other sports on the ratings.

Those who have followed golf telecasts this year have been rewarded by two exceptional shows, the Masters on CBS in April and the recent U.S. Open on ABC. Produced by Frank Chirkinian, the Masters presentation was a blend of excellent golf and fine coverage of the Augusta course and its crowds. "There was an aura about this year's tournament that raised it above being just another Masters," says Chirkinian, referring to Jack Nicklaus' dramatic fifth victory. "It was golf as excellent theater." It was also broadcast without the unctuousness that still accompanies too many golf shows. That welcome change was largely the result of expert, understated reporting by Vin Scully at the 18th hole.

"Covering golf has changed tremendously since I did the PGA Tournament in 1958," says Chirkinian. "Back then we covered four holes with seven cameras and a crew of about 30. At this year's Masters we did 10 holes with 22 cameras and 215 people."



LONGHURST'S RESERVE CONTRASTS WITH YANK EXCESSSES

ABC's Open telecast covered even more holes (113) and required more equipment (24 cameras) and people (300) than the Masters. And it also had its theatrical moments, although most of them were absurd. The Sunday show, which lasted for 3½ hours, caught all the frustrations of Frank Beard, Ben Crenshaw and Nicklaus as they bumbled their way around Medinah. And it included a shot of Arnold Palmer throwing a club, which is likely to linger in the minds of the Army for years. Chuck Howard, who produced it, covered Nicklaus' demise almost perfectly. He was less successful with the innumerable switches from hole to hole and golfer to golfer on the last round, but it must be conceded that he had a particularly difficult problem: the list of possible winners kept changing and included many players in the Who's He? category.

ABC enhanced its telecast by showing golfers' swings from behind, giving anyone who plays the game a genuine feeling for the shots. Another asset was Englishman Henry Longhurst, who also had been a member of CBS' Masters crew. Longhurst is most economical with words and brought a welcome tone of restraint to a broadcast on which the American announcers tended to pronounce every drive "great" the moment the ball was struck. In fact, Longhurst even called some shots "wretched," and we all should be thankful for that.

END

Nice work if you can get it

Among the good things on Ed Kranepool's plate is a \$70,000 salary for part-time play. The Met first baseman earns it with a nifty average

Ed Kranepool is tall, dark and almost handsome, a 30-year-old son of the Bronx who possesses an indoor pool, a tennis court and a Mark IV automobile. He has acquired all this, along with a pretty wife and a 6-year-old son, while playing first base for the New York Mets—when the other team is pitching a righthander. Against lefthanders he mostly sits, because a long time ago someone decided Kranepool was no threat to their welfare. If he were, he might own two indoor pools, two tennis courts and two Mark IVs. As it is, he has only one of each, and a .336 batting average. That is nice part-time work for the nearly original Met, whose team is

competing for the division lead in no small part because of his efforts.

Kranepool still grumbles now and then—teammate Joe Torre calls him “Bitch and Hit”—but he is not the “snotty kid” Manager Yogi Berra says he used to be. When Kranepool was a teenager the numbers were good (he got an \$85,000 bonus) but the timing was awful, since 1962 marked his last year in high school and the Mets’ first in baseball. He reasoned they were his quickest route to the majors, not realizing that he might be unprepared when he got there. On Opening Day, 1964, someone unfurled a banner at Shea Stadium that asked, “Is Ed Kranepool Over The

Hill?” He was 19 years old at the time.

Looking back, he believes the club asked too much too soon. “A more established team wouldn’t have force-fed me to the big leagues,” he says. “I wasn’t equipped or mature enough to handle it. Baseball was frustrating in those days. The Amazin’ Mets weren’t much fun for the players.”

When the Mets finished last in 1965, Kranepool was the team’s leading hitter, at a modest .253, and a National League All-Star. When they won the World Series four years later he batted .238. The following season he was shipped to the minors.

“It would have been easy to quit,” Kranepool says, “but I wasn’t ready to retire at 25. I worked my way back up later in the year and I haven’t been the same player or person since. I’ve really had two careers with the Mets, and I’d like to forget the first one. It just took me longer to know myself than it does for most other people. I’m a little smarter now and a little more mature. Baseball is fun again.”

But not much fun for the right-hand-



ed pitchers who have faced him the last two years. Through two spring trainings, a junkie to Japan and almost a season and a half of play, Kranepool has been the toughest out on the team.

Last season, when he batted an even .300, he was particularly successful as a pinch hitter, producing 17 hits in 35 appearances for a major league-leading average of .486. "I stopped sulking about being a pinch hitter," he says. "Now I don't let things like that bother me."

Kranepool became a "regular" against righthanders seven weeks ago when John Milner was injured in an exhibition game. Milner had been slumping, and Kranepool had been above .300 all season. Since May 16, he has raised his average 30 points.

Despite his size (6'3", 210 pounds) and a fluid, mechanically perfect swing, Kranepool is not a power hitter. He uses his long, heavy bat to bounce hits into the corners, and he seldom strikes out.

Defensively, he is more than satisfactory. Though limited in range, he digs low throws out of the dirt well, and on the difficult first-to-second-to-first double play there are few better.

Among those who have seen Kranepool progress from a problem child to capable professional is his former roommate and business partner, Ron Swoboda, now a New York sportscaster. "Eddie quit fighting the system," says Swoboda. "He learned to accept things and not make the mistake of popping off. When I was unhappy I would blast the management. Do that and you're gone. Being sent down was a real shock for him, but he went and ate his crow. Now he's a very valuable guy to have around."

It is certainly true that the people who operate America's baseball teams do not encourage criticism from their employees. Realizing this, Kranepool says, "I've never rapped the club. The only complaint I ever made was wanting to play more. Talking to the papers doesn't get you anything, but it does make people mad at you."

General Manager Joe McDonald emphatically agrees, saying, "It was super that Ed didn't wage a war with Yogi and demand to be played or traded."

As a result, Kranepool is well compensated. He appeared in fewer than 100 games last year and still won a raise. His \$70,000 salary reflects his value, his longevity, his popularity, his Merhodo. He is, in fact, more a Met than any other

man who has worn the uniform, more than the Throneberrys and Kanelis who made them amazin', and the Seavers and Koozmans who made them successful.

"I can't imagine ever trading Ed," McDonald says. "And I expect he will be with us after he retires, too."

A front-office job might be especially suitable. Swoboda calls his former restaurant partner "a cold businessman." Kranepool spent five years as a New York stockbroker, getting out before the economy turned sour. "I wasn't any kind of genius," he says. "I just hated commuting into the city." During those years Kranepool made a few dollars, met the girl he would marry and developed astigmatism from too many hours at the ticker tape. As his average attests, it no longer bothers him at the plate.

Kranepool has been one of the most consistent contributors on a most inconsistent team. The Mets win and lose in bunches, benefiting from a deep bench and an improving offense but suffering from the lack of a reliable fourth starter. Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman and Jon Matlack are 26-14 overall, while the rest of the pitching staff is 10-18.

In mid-June the roller coaster produced a pair of four-game winning streaks that brought New York to within half a game of the division lead. Then the Mets plummeted again, enduring seven straight losses before Koosman and Seaver put the brakes on last week with wins over St. Louis. This pattern may be enough to keep New York in the race, but not much more than that.

Even so, Kranepool says, "This is the best club we've had. I'm just glad I'm helping, because our pennant years, 1969 and 1973, were two of my worst."

No one is following all of this more closely than Kranepool's old friends from the Bronx, who remember him as the slugger who broke Hank Greenberg's home-run record at James Monroe High School. He has only to swing at a bad pitch and Jim Schiaffo, his Little League coach, is on the phone.

Not long ago, three generations of former neighbors visited him outside the Shea clubhouse. Everyone seemed to be squeezing words out the corner of his mouth.

"Ya know, Eddie," an oldtimer said. "Ya don't talk like ya did when ya wuz in de Bronx."

"I know," said Kranepool. "I'm just not the same kid anymore."

THE WEEK

(June 23-28)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST "They always figure out some way to win," said Minnesota Manager Frank Quilici, musing on the A's. In all, Oakland figured out ways to win seven games without a loss. One thing that kept the A's rolling was their ability to get maximum results from their hits, an art they demonstrated by manufacturing 18 runs on 21 hits while handing the Twins three defeats. It also helped that Bert Campaneris hit .400 and scored eight times, that Chaudell Washington stole six bases and that Reggie Jackson took the league lead in homers by hitting Nos. 16, 17 and 18. Reliever Paul Lindblad, who was 4-4 last year, stretched his scoreless string to 22½ innings with 8½ more and brought his record to 6-0. And Dick Bosman, winless when obtained from Cleveland in late May, pitched his fourth and fifth victories.

Several other pitchers in the West who seemed headed for the scrap heap not long ago also turned in fine performances. Chicago had two such comebackers: lefthanders Claude Osteen, 35, and Jim Kaat, 36. Osteen, who had won just once this season, beat Texas 7-5 and Kansas City 5-3. Kaat won a 5-2 verdict over Texas, which left him with the best mark among the league's left-handed starters: 11 wins, 4 losses and a 2.89 ERA. Even the White Sox hitters seemed revived, notably Jorge Orta (a .500 average for the week, five doubles, seven RBIs), Carlos May (.379) and Bill Melton (seven RBIs). All that rejuvenation paid off with seven straight victories, which pulled the Sox out of the cellar for the first time in two months.

Falling into the basement were the Angels, who started the week by squeaking past the Rangers 1-0 on Ed Figueroa's two-hitter. From there on, though, it was all misery: injuries, 14 errors and six defeats. One of three straight extra-inning losses was incurred despite the masterful work of Bill Singer, who gave up only one hit in 11 innings before being yanked. Opposing Slinger that night was another old hand, Texas' Steve Hargan, who was lifted in the 12th. (Cesar Tovar's single in the 13th made the Rangers 1-0 winners.) Four days later Hargan kept posting zeros as he bowed the Twins 2-0. Feeling zeroed in on was Gaylord Perry, who lost his 11th and 12th games.

Frank White of Kansas City (3-4) settled a 12-inning tussle with California with a grand slam. Steve Busby earned the win, his 11th, after wriggling out of a one-out, bases-full jam in the 11th inning by striking out the next two batters.

continued



The Chateau Club Wagon pictured here features a color-keyed interior with optional Captain's Chairs, 18mm vinyl-inlaid cloth and vinyl upholstery, and cut-pile carpeting throughout. Optional sidewall-mounted auxiliary heater/air conditioner, woodgrain accents on instrument panel and doors.

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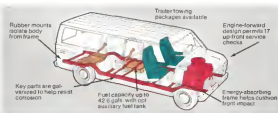
Club Wagon power is also improved, with a 300 cu. in. Six standard, 351 and 460 V-8's available. Front power discs are standard.

And there's a list of options designed to make Club Wagons more enjoyable:

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The 1975 Ford Club Wagon is built with both wagon engineered for utility. Has deep dip electric oil primer and dualizing to help keep oil clean. A low torque, 1000-watt.



Minnesota dropped six in a row before taking two games from Texas with late rallies. Rookie Dan Ford came through with vital hits in both wins, one of which went to Jim Hughes, who had lost five in a row.

**OKA 47-38 KC 41-33 TEX 38-39
MINN 33-37 CLE 32-36 CBL 34-42**

AL EAST While the Red Sox and Yankees squabbled over first place (page 16), the Indians were happy to climb to fifth. They accomplished it with a six-game winning streak, their longest in three years. Cleveland began its upward surge when Rico Carty was hit by a pitch with the bases loaded in the 10th, forcing in the clinching run in a 3-2 decision over Milwaukee. Thereafter, the Indians were more hitless than hittees as they slammed six homers while piling Boston 11-3, 8-6 and 8-5.

Milwaukee (5-1) took three games from Detroit. 5-0 as Jim Stoen tossed a three-hitter and then 4-2 and 7-6 as George Scott bopped three home runs. Don Money, who holds records for the best fielding percentage by third basemen in both leagues, made two errors in one inning. That gave him five for the year, which was all he had for the entire 1974 season. It was unlikely that Money had suddenly become fumble-fingered, however: his troubles were probably traceable to a month layoff following surgery for a hernia.

With his offense sputtering badly, Oriole Manager Earl Weaver (page 56) resorted to drastic measures, like ordering Mark Belanger to try a bases-loaded suicide squeeze with the score tied in the eighth, even though he had an 0-2 count on him. But Belanger complied, the Birds overcame the Tigers 3-2, Ross Gransley hurled a five-hitter and that was the end of a five-game losing streak.

The news from Detroit was bad: 13 errors and seven losses in eight tries landed the Tigers in last place, and Manager Ralph Houk wound up in court after allegedly manhandling a Baltimore sportswriter. Houk reportedly dragged the writer through the clubhouse and shouted, "What right do you have to call my team lousy?" In their sole victory the almost lousy Tigers beat the Orioles 6-5.

**NY 41-31 BOS 39-30 MIL 36-34
BALT 32-38 CLE 30-40 DET 27-42**

NL EAST It was an improbable east that propelled St. Louis (6-1) to the week's best record in the East: three pitchers who had been virtually written off, another with a black eye, a singles-hitter-turned-sluggo and a dieting-mediating catcher. Early in the season the Braves gave up on Ron Reed and traded him to the Cardinals. Last week he beat the Mets 1-0 in the first game of a doubleheader, giving him a 4-1 record and 1.80 LRA as a Red-bird. In the second game John Denny, who

had been sent to the minors earlier, won 4-0 when Catcher Ted Simmons hit a pinch grand slam. Simmons, who batted .444 for the week (.380 during June), was down to 203 pounds after losing 16 pounds on a grapefruit-and-bréed-meat diet augmented by meditation that "relaxed my anxiety about my weight." Bob Gibson, for whom this has been a traumatic farewell season, beat Montreal 6-4 for his 250th win. And Reliever Al Hrabosky, despite a left eye swollen almost shut after being struck with an errant pregame throw, earned a 3-2 victory over Montreal with the aid of a 10th-inning pinch hit by Ron Fairly. Second Baseman Ted Sizemore, who has had just 13 homers in six years, hit two on successive days.

Philadelphia had its largest midweek attendance ever, 119,393, for a four-game sweep of Pittsburgh. First came a 6-5 battle settled by Ollie Brown's homer and shutout relief pitching by Tom Hilgendorf and Gene Garber. Next the Phillies took a doubleheader 6-3 and 8-1. In the finale, the Phillies came from six runs down to win 7-6 on a bases-jamming walk in the 13th. Philadelphia lost three other games, but did overhaul Montreal 4-3 with a spate of clutch hits, a pinch homer in the eighth by Jay Johnstone, and in the ninth a game-tying blast by Greg Luzinski and a pinch double by Tony Taylor.

Pittsburgh (4-5) stayed on top as Dock Ellis beat New York 2-0 and Chicago 5-1, and rookie John Candelaria took care of the Cubs 5-2, striking out 13 for a season's high in the league. As usual, the Pirates had a flurry of homers: Rennie Stennett's three-run drive in the ninth gave Candelaria his win; Richie Hebner hit three (he has 10 in all) and Dave Parker had two (he has 13).

Chicago (3-5) fell below .500 for the first time since April. Ray Burris blanked Montreal 6-0 and Bill Bonham put down Pittsburgh 1-0 with the help of a sentineling, last-out play by Third Baseman Bill Madlock.

New York was shut out in its first three games and ran its scoreless streak to 35 innings. Once untracked, the Mets won four times. Tom Seaver took his 11th game and lowered his ERA to 1.73, the best in the league, as he beat the Cardinals 2-1. The Mets, who had not scored a run for Randy Tate in 22 innings, backed him with five as he clamped down on the Phillies 5-2.

Steve Rogers of Montreal silenced Philadelphia 4-0 and Dan Warthen gave up just one run in six innings of relief to St. Louis 5-4. Outfielder Pepe Mangual batted .353, drove in six runs, scored 10 and slugged a three-run homer in a 10-run inning, the biggest spurge ever by the Expos, in a 12-6 romp over the Cubs. All else was negative for the Expos, who lost their other six games.

**PITT 42-29 PHIL 40-33 NY 36-32
CHI 36-27 ST. L. 36-36 MONT 30-38**

NL WEST For Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson it was a dream week in which his every move seemed to turn out right. When he wanted to give Johnny Bench a bit of a rest, he put him in right field and used Bill Plummer behind the plate. Plummer responded with a homer, single and three RBIs; Bench with his 15th homer, 28th double and four RBIs as the Reds thumped the Braves 8-4. Against San Diego, Anderson put the almost-forgotten Danny Driessen at first base, and his three-run homer in the 11th produced a 5-2 victory. Needing a pinch hitter in another game with the Padres, Sparky called upon George Foster with one on and two out in the bottom of the 10th and got a home run. And in a 5-1 week, there also were back-to-back shutouts over Atlanta in which the Reds pulled off nine double plays. That was not all the fielders did; they tied the major league mark for consecutive errorless games by extending their streak to 12. On top of all that there was Joe Morgan, who had a dreamlike week of his own with .409 hitting, eight RBIs, two homers and four steals.

Los Angeles (2-5), in a scoring drought, dropped two one-run games to Houston and even failed to win at Candlestick Park, where the Dodgers had taken 10 in a row. Before the Los Angeles series it was revealed that the Giants had failed to pay their \$125,000 stadium rental for 1974. After a clubhouse meeting for players only, Giant Pitcher Ed Halicki said, "We can't do anything about front-office problems but we agreed we can play better baseball." That they did. Halicki beat the Dodgers 2-0 that day, and the Giants (4-5) also took the next two games from L.A., 10-5 and 2-1.

San Diego (4-3) swept four games from San Francisco, starting with a come-from-behind 7-6 slugfest. From there on the Padre pitching was superb as Randy Jones and Brent Strom, both lefties, stifled the Giants 2-1 (in 10 innings) and 3-0, and Rich Folkers won 6-2. Big bopper Willie McCovey, heating up with the weather just as he said he would, hit three homers and had nine RBIs.

When Atlanta (3-5) and Houston (4-3) squared off in a battle to stay out of the basement, both were engulfed in miseries. The Braves had not scored for 19 innings; Astro Owner Roy Hofheinz was saddled with whopping debts and had lost sole control of his empire. A three-man board, of which he is a member, now has charge. Houston, aided by five errors, took the opener against Atlanta 8-4. But the Braves won the next two, 7-4 and 6-3, as they rallied for all their runs in the last three innings. Earlier, the Astros had ended Don Sutton's nine-game winning streak against them by beating L.A. 5-4.

**GIN 47-27 LA 45-36 SF 36-29
BO 36-39 ATL 31-43 HOUS 28-20**



Twice around, in style

Beaten but once in two years, Nero was in no danger last week. He won the Cane in two heats by demonstrating both versatility and speed

One of these times, when the moon is in Saturn and Plato is descending, Nero is going to wedge himself into a box and pick the wrong door to exit, or he is going to mope the racetrack and break stride, or he will wake up sick or tired or bored. Or something. One of these times. . . . It has a futile ring to it, like hoping your boss didn't notice how late you were for work.

Last week, however, Nero was his same young spectacular self, edging still closer to the stuff of legend. He captured the \$200,000 Cane Pace at New York's Yonkers Raceway Saturday night, doing it with style and dash. In two heats, he won from behind, and he won from in front. And above all, he did it easily, against all but one of the top 3-year-olds, in the first leg of pacing's Triple Crown. Nero now has had 22 races and has won 21, and he is beginning to provide tidbits for non-sports columnists. The latest news about his repertoire of idiosyncrasies is that he adores Country and Western music and muzzles the radio whenever he hears it.

The only horse ever to beat Nero is Alert Bret, and a world-record time was necessary to earn him the distinction when the two met as 2-year-olds. But Alert Bret was cut from the Cane held early in the week because of a fever and a sore throat. The indisposition may have been opportune, like your son's stomachache the day of the algebra test. When the rivals met a few weeks ago in the Battle of the Brandywine, Nero was the beep-beeping roadrunner, Alert Bret the panting coyote, and Castleton Farm certainly is not anxious to have its colt acquire a defeatist attitude from beating his nose on Nero's rear wheels. At stake is more than just prize money. A \$3 million offer was made for Nero last winter. If Alert Bret could somehow figure out how to beat him this year, his value would climb into that happy fiscal range, too.

Actually, Alert Bret's withdrawal produced a paradox for Nero: with his chief opposition home sick, it would be even harder for him to win. Eyeing second money, all sorts of horse owners en-

tered the race, and the 13-horse field was split into two divisions with the top four finishers from each returning for the final. The arrangement would require Nero to race twice the same night, and his trainer, Jim Crane, was unhappy about the unaccustomed extra burden, though not about much else.

After years of handling mediocre racing flesh, Crane is now working with nobility, and he is under a lot of pressure to avoid a rash mistake. There is persistent backstretch talk that Nero's rivals are hoping he will be burned out this summer and they will be able to beat him at the end of the season. "I've heard that, too," says Crane, sounding like a man with a warehouse full of umbrellas who has just been told that storm clouds are developing. Crane points out that Nero will race in only 22 or 23 events this year, which is well below average. "I didn't want to give him too tough a schedule," he says. "We want him to race as a 4-year-old."

Del Miller, the redoubtable owner-trainer-driver, has been around harness tracks so long that he qualifies as a veteran legend, and he once helped Crane get a job training horses for a man in California. He thinks the only thing Nero's trainer is doing wrong is not asking for a bigger cut of the purses. "He's handling him perfectly," says Miller. "The great ones go on and race all year and keep getting better. I don't think he's going to burn himself out. It's like play for him. If I had Nero I'd do the same thing. I'd race him when the money comes up."

This year's Cane was the richest in Yonkers history and with the two divisions it was conceivable that a horse could win his division, finish second in the final and still take home \$50,000—not as much as John Newcombe got for finishing second to Jimmy Connors, but still enough for a lot of oats.

With a glance toward the feed bag, Miller entered his filly, Tarport Hap, in the Cane. Miller's lady is no tramp. She and Silk Stockings are this season's top 3-year-old pacing fillies. For reasons that are obscure, the females of the species seem to be handicapped as pacers. Not one is yet listed among the top 25 money-winners, while the three all-time richest trotters are all mares. Still, Tarport Hap is a line pacer, so well regarded that she

continued

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and Silk Stockings are considered candidates to challenge Handle With Care as the best pacing filly ever. But Silk Stockings already had been beaten twice by Nero, so her judicious owners skipped the Cane and raced her for a smaller purse at Monticello, N.Y. last week. You could accuse Nero of scare tactics.

The draw put Tarport Hap, Billy Haughton's highly regarded Brete Champ and Nero all in the same division, with Nero receiving the unpromising extreme outside position. Crane has a superstition about never attending the drawing, but lately Nero has been getting the outside post a lot. "Maybe I better start going to them," said Crane.

On Saturday night, Nero went off as the 1-to-9 favorite in the first division, and driver Joe O'Brien quickly pulled him back and down to the rail at the start. Nero's inclination is to race, so O'Brien held him off the starting gate as it swung away, rather than go charging pell-mell into the tight first turn on the half-mile track. (The stewards thought he was too

far off the gate and fined him \$50). On the first trip by the grandstand, however, O'Brien displayed Nero's class. The normally reticent driver allows that it is difficult to rate Nero because his gait is so smooth that it is hard to tell how fast he is going. This time O'Brien opened him up, and in a stretch of 220 yards Nero rocketed from last to first, passing the others as if they were so much scenery.

"It was unbelievable the way he went by," said Haughton in the paddock after Nero beat Tarport Hap by three lengths in 1:59½. Brete Champ was third.

Alberts Star equaled Nero's time while winning the second division. Driven by Herve Filion and owned partly by Toronto Maple Leaf hockey player Rod Seiling, Alberts Star made a rush at the wire to beat Momentum by a length.

Nero had the rail for the final, which Yorkers had the good sense to make a non-betting event. The track lost \$7,700 in minus place and show pools for the first-division race. With the inside post position, Nero appeared invincible and

the opposition was wary. Several weeks ago Haughton had the temerity to urge Brete Champ to pace with Nero, and wound up sixth with a dead-tired horse. "They just don't realize how much speed he's got," says O'Brien.

O'Brien showed them speed right from the start, cutting the first corner so finely that Nero actually nicked the rail. It was to be his closest call. The rest of the field raced for second place, which Alberts Star won by half a length over Tarport Hap. The filly could not hang on after trying to match Nero's blistering first half of 58½. Nero was first by a length and a half in 1:58½, tying the second-fastest time ever for a Cane Pace, and especially notable considering the damp track and unaccustomed exertion of two races. It was also the fifth time in eight starts this season that the horse had cracked the two-minute mark. One of these days, if his wheels come off, O'Brien falls asleep and Crane forgets to turn on the Country and Western music, Nero may lose. But don't bet on it. **END**

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'They knew I was a contender'

Amy Alcott, 19 and a rookie, has the self-confidence of a tour veteran

Delete the word "super" from their vocabularies and most women on the professional golf tour would be rendered semi-speechless. They use the word incessantly, to describe anything and everything—Amy Alcott, the 19-year-old tour rookie, for instance: "Amy? Super girl, super swing. . . . Super day, isn't it?"

Not that super is such a bad word for Amy. On her birthday, last Feb. 22, she was in St. Petersburg, Fla., firing a second-round 68 en route to winning the Orange Blossom Classic. It was only her third tournament as a professional, and she wound up with a record nine-under-par 207 (68-68-71) for the event and a check for \$5,000. That sure beats a bowling party.

Not since Laura Baugh swiveled onto the tour has there been such a hot prospect in the LPGA. What happened to Laura? She was Rookie of the Year in 1973, earned some \$36,000 last year and has a contract with Mark McCormack. But she has yet to win a tournament. Alcott has a McCormack contract, too, plus her Orange Blossom win.

She didn't waste much time. Alcott enrolled in the LPGA school in Miami on Jan. 20 with 42 other women, aiming for one of the 16 playing cards the school would issue. She shot a not-so-super 79-80-80 but finished in a tie for 12th, which was good enough. "I gave it everything I had and still didn't play well," she says. "But after I qualified, I felt everything else would be downhill."

Downhill, indeed. More like a vertical drop. In her first tournament she tied for 31st and won \$230. Then 22nd and \$330, and just one month after getting

out of school, first place in the Orange Blossom. Alcott is not a bit reticent about her victory, confidence and determination being two of her long suits. "No, I'm not surprised I won so early. I won because I played the best," she says. "It was super—I had the confidence and desire to rip it up, and I did. People knew I was a contender the minute I teed it up." Then she adds, somewhat bewilderingly, "The most important thing out here is not to lose one's humility." Her fellow pros all mention her remarkable poise. "She is the most mature 19-year-old I have ever seen," says Sandra Post.

Alcott led from start to finish in the Orange Blossom, but the victory was not all that easy. She had to save a difficult par at 17 after her tee shot landed on a lady's purse. "Then when I came to the 18th, I didn't know I needed a birdie to win," she says. "All I was playing for was a par." Whatever she was playing for, she dropped a 20-foot birdie putt and had a one-shot victory over Post. Only Marlene Hagge, who took the Sarasota Open in 1952 at age 18, won an LPGA event at a younger age.

Before turning pro, Alcott won the Los Angeles Girls' title three times, the L.A. Women's Championship and the California Women's Amateur. In that tournament she once shot a 70 at Pebble Beach, breaking the long-standing women's course record of 72 held by Babe Zaharias. Her most important win before the Orange Blossom was the USGA Junior Championship, which she took two years ago at age 17.

Alcott was graduated from Pacific Palisades High School a year ago. "Boys were more or less in awe of me," she says. She is about 5'6" and 130 pounds, is brown-haired and freckled-faced, with strong arms and a powerful torso. Quick to smile off the course, she is all business on it. On the fairway with her regular caddie, Frank Chilton, she is completely absorbed in checking the card, calculating the distances, or selecting a club.

Alcott first became interested in golf watching it on television in the early 60s, and as a sub-teen began practicing in her Santa Monica backyard. A newspaper ad eventually led her to Walter Keller, a well-known Los Angeles golf teacher. At Keller's indoor golf studio she would hit

into a net and study her swing in front of a mirror for four or five hours a day. Her father constructed a sand trap in the front yard and put up a net in the back. She practiced putting into soup cans at home and on the artificial greens in Keller's studio. By the time she got out on a municipal course at 14, she already was far beyond the beginner's stage.

From municipals Alcott moved up to the swank Riviera Country Club, which she now likes to play from the blue championship tees, a choice that takes the creases out of ordinary menfolks' trousers. Riviera has small greens and deep bunkers, which have sharpened her short game. She no longer tries to crush the ball, but averages 220 to 230 yards off the tee, seldom getting into serious trouble. Around the greens, she is an accurate chipper and a confident putter. "I've only been on the tour a short time," she says, "but I feel I'm as good as the rest of them."

To get Alcott started, Keller brought together a group of 15, most of them Riviera members, each of whom put up \$1,000 to sponsor her first year. It was a



ALCOTT'S FORTE: ACCURACY ON GREENS

sound investment: with half the year left, her official earnings stand at \$18,466, 12th on the money list, \$2,000 more than any rookie has ever won in a whole year. She recovered from a first-round 76 to tie for 12th and collect \$3,375 in the Dinah Shore Winners Circle in April and tied for second (\$4,100) in the Fort Worth Charity Classic a week later. She has a lock on Rookie of the Year honors.

Alcott finds that she is always being measured against Laura Baugh. While she won the U.S. Junior title, Baugh won the more prestigious U.S. Women's Amateur (in 1971), but, says Keller, Alcott "dominated junior golf more than Laura ever did. She is bigger, stronger, and can hit the ball farther." Alcott herself plays down any rivalry, insisting that her sole competitor is herself, and is quick to acknowledge the prominent role Baugh has played in promoting women's golf in the past two years: "Laura is attractive, and the men come out to see a good golf swing go with a good body."

Alcott likes to reel off her hobbies—tennis, gourmet cooking, dancing, mimicry. She can come up with a passable Howard Cosell or Cary Grant, but, if pressed, will bring the house down with her version of Edith Bunker singing *Those Were the Days*.

Playing the LPGA tour is not exactly ideal for one's social life, but Alcott shrugs it off. "I'm out here to play golf," she says. "I may have given up a lot of things that the typical teen-age girl has, but, on the other hand. . . ." She stops and smiles. Yes, on the other hand, how many 19-year-olds have earned more than \$18,000 playing their favorite game over the past six months?

When she is not out on the tour Alcott shares a five-room Santa Monica apartment with her mother, Lea. "I never tried to push her into golf," says Mrs. Alcott. "She did it all on her own. Her goal is simple—she wants to be the best there is."

Walter Keller relishes the fact that his star pupil is still so young. "Most girls don't fully mature until they are about 26," he says. "With that will come greater coordination and strength for Amy." As to Alcott's chances of someday becoming the best there is—well, you might call them super.

END

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Busy body at the AAU

Pentathlete Jane Frederick could not show all of her talent, but a little of her ability went a long way

Like a revered potentate ensconced upon his throne, Coach Ed Temple of the Tennessee State Tigerbelles sat on a chair on a grassy hill overlooking the track at White Plains (N.Y.) High School. Crouched and squatted about him were fellow coaches, former students (like Wyomia Tyus) and track buffs who listened to the master's comments on the contestants in the 1975 AAU National Women's Track and Field Championships. Temple's words were forthright and candid, and only once last Friday afternoon was he visibly moved. As the hurdles swept by in a 100-meter semi-

final Temple exclaimed in frank admiration of the leader, "Hummam, that's some big boss!"

The big boss was Jane Frederick, a handsome, statuesque (5'11½", 160 pounds) blonde who may well become the feminist flesh-and-blood answer to TV's synthetic Six Million Dollar Man, and she was just one of several new U.S. hopefuls for the 1976 Olympics. The week before last, Frederick won the U.S. women's pentathlon championship in Los Alamos, New Mex., with 4,676 points, best in the world this year. Her victory at Los Alamos did not surprise her; what did was that the head of the family with whom she roomed designed nuclear weapons.

Although there was no pentathlon at White Plains—and Frederick considers herself a pentathlete first and foremost because "my mentality, my personality don't go with one event"—she did very well in events ordinarily dominated by specialists. Like the 100-meter hurdles. Slow off the starting blocks in the Saturday finals, she was second to Debbie LaPlante at the eighth hurdle by perhaps a foot. Then she shot over the last hurdle with a burst of speed that put her in front at the finish. "I just wanted it," she said, and with that she went back to the shotput for her final three throws. She hit 48'9½" for fifth place. "I was a foot under my best," Frederick said. "I wanted to go over 49, but then I had to do my three throws after the hurdles." All this was in the afternoon; at noon she had competed in the high jump and taken fourth place with 5'9".

Now 23 and competing for the Los Angeles Track Club, Frederick grew up in Berkeley, where her father, a former political scientist at the University of California, served as a track official. She began long-jumping in AAU meets at 11, and entered the University of Colorado as an arts major. "I'm into metalwork," she says. "All kinds of jewelry. It's relaxing." She took her sophomore year in Italy, then returned to Colorado, where she switched to a major in Italian and a minor in German. After graduating summa cum laude in 1973, she lived in Italy for a year, supporting herself as an interpreter and translator and training under Franco Radman, the Italian national pentathlon and decathlon coach.

Back in the U.S. she moved to Santa Barbara, where she now works with Sam Adams, coach at Cal Santa Barbara, "a

good decathlon man." She plans to teach Italian this year while preparing for the Montreal Olympics. "I work every event at least twice a week," she says. "They're part of me." She credits much of her success to weight lifting; as she puts it, "Usually you get the benefits of hard work the year after. I feel much more stable now. It's starting to come together." Aside from the 1976 Games, her future is undecided but she is thinking of taking the U.S. Foreign Service exams or going for her Ph. D. in Italian.

Among other new Olympic prospects in White Plains were two in the high jump, Joni Huntley, 18, of Oregon State and Paula Girven, 17, of Garfield High School in Woodbridge, Va. Both competed earlier in the week in the juniors, with Huntley flopping over at 6'2" for a U.S. record and Girven clearing 6'1". Huntley started flopping in 1970 with help from her father, an insurance man, who used diagrams supplied by Berny Wagner, the coach at Oregon State. Until last year all her practice took place at home; her high school in small town Sheridan (pop. 2,000) did not have a track team. At Oregon State, the red-haired Huntley began to blossom under Wagner, so much so that last winter at a meet in New Zealand she went after the world record of 6'5" held by East Germany's Rosemarie Ackermann. "I had two close ones," she says, "but I hit the bar with my heel. I've done weight training and I've got more strength, but I have to work it back in the right form."

Two weeks before White Plains, Huntley pulled the hamstring muscle in her left leg. Despite her 6'2" in the juniors she was able to clear only six feet in the seniors on Saturday, which was still good enough for first place. Girven had scratched from the senior finals because of a strained ankle, and Huntley said, "The adrenaline didn't flow for me. I didn't feel pushed." Huntley is very high on her rival. "She has so much spring in her legs, but her approach is terrible. Her coach thinks so, too. She makes two turns in the circle of her approach while I make one. But, boy, she's great, and she's just starting."

Girven, who jumps for Coach Brooks Johnson and Sports International, began to refine her technique only a few weeks before the meet. By chance she happened to meet Frank Costello, the University of Maryland track coach, who offered advice. "He got me over six feet," Gir-

ven says. "He says he's going to get me over 6' 4" or 6' 5". I hope it's true."

Although Ed Temple said that the meet showed "we don't have a world-class sprinter right now," another newcomer, Debra Sapenter, was a surprise in the 400 meters. The daughter of a retired Army colonel who had run at Prairie View, Sapenter enrolled at her father's alma mater five years ago and began running when she was recruited out of gym class. Her time in the 400 at White Plains was 51.6, equaling the U.S. record. Scheduled to teach freshman English at Prairie View this fall, she has the Olympics in mind, but says, "I won't be overconfident and say I can make the team. I don't want to eat my own words."

Martha Watson, one of the best long jumpers in the world, won her event with a leap of 21' 3", and Kathy Schmidt, a bronze medalist in the Munich javelin, set an American record with a throw of 209' 7" on her first attempt in the finals. Schmidt had to shorten her approach by a step before throwing, and she didn't

think much of her effort, "but then it looked real good upstairs." The toss topped her previous U.S. record, set a month ago, by four inches. Despite the handicap of a torn ligament and a hair-line fracture in her right foot, Schmidt's two marks are the best in the world this year. In 1976, she expects to be in the neighborhood of 220 feet.

One veteran who showed sure signs of a return to former ability was 27-year-old Madeline Manning Jackson. At the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, she won the 800-meter gold medal. She married, had a son, Little John, and was a disappointing fifth in the 800 semifinals at Munich. Now divorced, she works for the Salvation Army in Cleveland and began running again last October. "I've been surprised one race after the other," she said after breaking her own U.S. record with a 2:00.5 in the AAU. "This is about the 20th race I've won since I started running last fall. In this race I was boxed in on the first turn and had to go around four people, which slowed my

time. I'm looking for something like a 1:55 at Montreal. The more meets I have, the stronger I get. I'll keep on reaching. I make a lot of sacrifices. Everything I do is for the Ministry of Christ. It's time for me to give my talent to the Lord again. I've reached thousands of young people with the Gospel, and I've seen that it has done good. In the ghettos I see people struggling for happiness and peace of mind. I see drug addicts and prostitutes, but I know that you can be somebody with the help of God."

Some celebrated male athletes were spectators at White Plains, among them John Thomas, Ralph Boston and Wilt Chamberlain, who was on hand to watch Wilt's Wonder Women compete. As a team, the Wonder Women finished eighth behind the victorious L.A. Track Club, but some sort of prize should have gone to Chamberlain. Suddenly confronted with a chain link fence almost 4½ feet high near the press box, Wilt simply stepped over the fence with barely a break in stride.

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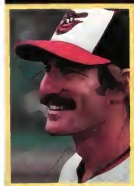


BROOKS ROBINSON:
"What's all this
about players
being over the
hill, Earl? Are
you talking
about me?"



JIM PALMER:
"He tells us a
pitcher should
get his curveball
over every time
he wants to. I
don't listen
anymore."

Baltimore's Earl Weaver may grate on the sensitive, but he is second only to Joe McCarthy as a winning manager by MYRON COPE



BOBBY GRICH:
"I told him last year, 'Younger players need a little guidance.' I later saw him talking to a rookie."



ANDY ETCHEBARREN:
"I got nothing to say about Earl Weaver. I want nothing to do with Earl Weaver."

CONTINUED

me, was that a curveball Cuellar threw?"

"Yeah, it was a curveball."

Weaver bolts to his feet—a pearl of brilliance at his lips? In a gravelly voice he bellows, "Cuellar! Stick that curveball up. . . ."

That's not genius? Well, the components of genius frequently remain mysterious to lesser men. In any case, say this for Weaver—if he does not always recognize a curveball, he possesses conviction about them. "He tells us a major league pitcher should get his curveball over every time he wants to," says Pitcher Jim Palmer. "I think he actually believes it. He used to give me that stuff all the time. Now I don't listen anymore. Dave McNally, he handled Earl best. I used to make the mistake of arguing with Earl, but McNally would just nod and say, 'Mmmm.'"

Authority certainly is a quality one looks for in a manager who in three consecutive seasons—1969, '70 and '71—won more than 100 games, an accomplishment recorded by only two other clubs in history. Five-foot-eight, compact in the McCarthy-McGraw tradition, the creases of experience lining his face, Weaver at age 44 looks like a manager, although in some respects he appears quaint. His head dominates his body, possibly explaining why, in the minors, players called him Watermelon Head. His frequent trips onto the field to battle umpires are made at a gait that may best be described as an angry waddle. Hands on hips, his body swaying from the trunk up, he marches in the awkward strides of a duck trying to catch up with its flock.

Yet as Weaver intently manipulates 25 willful athletes, there surely must be beneath his explosive temper a capacity for understanding, a requisite that in fact he could easily draw on when Cuellar, the superstitious Cuban, in Milwaukee last June to pitch the opener of a four-game series, informed Weaver that his baseball cap had been left behind in Baltimore and that its absence surely would ruin the performance he was scheduled to make the following night. At the time Cuellar had won nine games in a row, pitching as though he could win his 10th wearing a bearskin borrowed from the Buckingham Palace guard. Nonetheless, Weaver at once appreciated the gravity of the problem.

He ordered Traveling Secretary Phil Iizoe to send for Cuellar's cap, a process that required one Oriole front-office

man, two airline sports representatives, two pilots and finally Iizoe himself to engage in a relay of hand deliveries that, with a change of planes in Chicago, carried an envelope containing the cap to Milwaukee County Stadium in the nick of time. Alas, when Cuellar opened the envelope, he cried out, "It's not my game cap! They sent my practice cap!" Hopelessly rattled, he quickly gave up four runs and, when headed for the showers in the third inning, paused before the dugout to hurl his cap down and stomp it. Was this too much for Weaver to bear?

"No, I could understand it," says Weaver, indulgence finding priority on his list of managerial instruments when eccentric behavior seems to him justified. "Look, there are people who are comfortable only in a certain pair of shoes." No smile crosses Weaver's face. If he himself has nibbled four sunflower seeds during an inning in which the Orioles have scored a cluster of runs, the next time he needs a big inning he will turn to an aide and bark, "Give me four sunflower seeds!" Often he tells Bamberger, "George, get a bat and hit that dugout step three times." That's managing! Don't assume that Earl Weaver, in his six full seasons as Oriole manager, has won five divisional titles, three pennants and one World Series while neglecting to teach all bases.

Indeed, the demands upon a manager chasing Joe McCarthy's record call not only for attention to detail but for special gifts beyond the mere ability to sense when to relieve a tired pitcher. Who, for example, comes better equipped than Weaver to detect a malingerer or see through a player's excuses? While managing bush-league clubs at such outposts as Dublin, Ga. and Aberdeen, S. Dak., he spent six winters starring for the Liberty Loan Corporation in his hometown of St. Louis, interviewing small-loan applicants and tracking down delinquents, and was, by his own account, crackjack from the very day he applied for the job and took an aptitude test.

"I scored the highest on the test anybody ever had," he says. "They usually started 'em at \$300 a month, but they started me at \$400 with a guarantee I could have an office in two years. I never closed a bad loan. I don't think I ever closed a loan that they never paid it back. If I gave \$400 of Mr. Lichtenstein's money, I'd want \$400 back."

"I'm bragging now, but I was really

You could look it up on page 37 of the fact-filled Baltimore Orioles 1975 Information Guide, under a heading that chirps for attention in orange-orange print.

BITS ABOUT THE BIRDS

WEAVER, SECOND WINNINGEST MANAGER Among all big-league managers since 1900 who have managed for at least five full years, Earl Weaver ranks second in won-lost percentage only to Joe McCarthy.

Now that's a bit about the boss Bird that may startle you if you supposed that the closest challengers to Joe McCarthy, that wire-lipped Yankee oligarch of the 1930s and '40s, had to be legendary figures like John McGraw, who ranks only fifth, or Connie Mack, who, good heavens, ranks 74th. In appraising Earl Weaver's career one should not be misled by the Orioles' sputtering start this season, but remember that Weaver managed them to a title last year after having been eight games behind as late as Aug. 29. Instead, one must concede him the encomium of Practicing Genius and wonder what clever managerial subtleties have enabled him to win better than six of every 10 major league games he has masterminded. Peer into the Oriole dugout, where in a corner, his cap perched rakishly high atop his matted McGraw-gray hair, his eyes squinting pensively, Weaver follows the arc of his pitcher's delivery.

"George," he says, leaning across a row of ballplayers to catch sight of Pitching Coach George Bamberger, "tell

good at finding skips. A guy skips, I'm Mr. Keen." Yes, Mr. Keen, radioland's Tracer of Lost Persons, was his standard. "Mr. Keen was no better than me, I'd find them. In six years in a loan office, I met every type of character there is. Sure, I think it's helpful in managing. You say to yourself, 'This guy's lying.' You can get on the telephone and verify your opinion, but you've formed it."

Besides, does Walter Abston or Yogi Berra possess the know-how to return a player's concentration to his game by relieving him of financial worry? "When it comes to consolidating debts," says Weaver, "I'm good." At least one vital Oriole star and many a minor-leaguer who was able to purchase, say, \$1,200 worth of stereo equipment on credit by appearing in a \$200 suit have been piloted to solvency by Mr. Lichtenstein's onetime ace. No doubt Alvin Dark or Danny Murtaugh would find it unseemly to pick up a telephone on behalf of a ballplayer and haggle with tight-fisted creditors for lower monthly payments, but

does Dark or Murtaugh have a winning baseball percentage of .600, only nine percentage points behind McCarthy's?

For that matter, leadership skills aside, how many major league managers can dominate a piano bar, as Weaver loves to, by not only singing numerous hits of the '40s and '50s but correctly announcing the years in which they were written? Not long ago, having a late-afternoon highball with a reporter in a tony hotel lounge, Weaver took umbrage when the reporter suggested that his singing surely must be akin to the sounds of a carpenter's sandpaper.

"I got a good voice," Weaver came back at him.

"Yeah, like Andy Devine's."

"What about Louis Armstrong's? Listen, I play the ukulele and can sing the hell out of *Old Ragged Cross*. I love *My Hero* from *The Chocolate Soldier*. I still got a record by Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald that my wife almost broke over my head eight times." And with that, the polite buzz of the cocktail

hour suddenly was shattered by the operatic vocals of the national pastime's winningest manager.

"Come! Come! I love you on-ly, My heart is trooo . . ."

"I got nothing to say about Earl Weaver," grumbled Oriole Catcher Andy Etchebarren in spring training last March. Craggy-faced and mustachioed, reminiscent of Attila's foot soldiers, Etchebarren had played under Weaver off and on since Elmira, 1964, but the mention of Weaver's name darkened his French-Basque visage: "I want nothing to do with Earl Weaver."

Yes, as ingenious as Weaver may appear draped over a piano bar, he has caused occasional players to harbor murder in their hearts. During an Oriole tour of Japan, a sumo wrestler showed up at their clubhouse and, by way of demonstrating his strength, hoisted Weaver with one arm to the height of his shoulder, whereupon the ballplayers, not entirely with mirth, cried, "Drop him!" In

continued

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the case of Etchebarren's sullen view of Weaver, the cause was simple: twice voted to the All-Star team yet reduced to a part-time role, the catcher wanted to be traded, but Weaver would not bend to his wish so long as Etchebarren served an Oriole purpose. "Managerial sentiment," wrote the late Branch Rickey in a tribute to the crusty McGraw, "is a weakness that is part of a manager's lack of courage," and if that be the case, Weaver's courage surely equals McGraw's.

Weaver abhors psychological leadership as expressed by managers who say, "Some players need a pat on the back, others a kick in the tail." In Weaver's view, all are professionals paid to play their best (and never mind massaging their psyches), a straightforward, if simplistic, philosophy that at first experience stunned Bobby Grich, Baltimore's broad-chested second baseman.

Called up in 1970 from Rochester where he was hitting .383, Grich deposited his gear in the Baltimore clubhouse, then rapped at the manager's door and stepped into his office.

"Whaddya want?" were Weaver's first words.

"Just to let you know I'm here."

"That's all?"

Flustered, Grich retreated from the office. "He never said another word to me for five weeks," says Grich. "I was only 21, a small-town guy. This was my first trip to Baltimore, and I didn't know which end was up. Most of my career I'd had close relationships with my coaches and managers, but now I was confused."

Playing sparsely the rest of the season, Grich found his bewilderment turning to rage in early September when the club, having run away from its division, was chasing the American League record for most victories in a season. "Earl really wanted that record," says Grich. "It shows his ego." At any rate, when Weaver one night took stock of a bases-loaded ninth-inning opportunity and replaced Grich with a pinch hitter, Grich exploded. "How do you expect me to learn to hit in the big leagues if you hit for me?" he shouted at Weaver in the dugout.

Incensed by the rookie's lip, Weaver flew at him. Considering their respective physiques, had Catcher Elrod Hendricks not intercepted, Weaver undoubtedly

would have managed his next game wearing dark glasses.

Five years after their rocky beginning, Grich now pronounces Weaver "a great manager," a brilliant composer of lineups and tactics. In selecting his lineup, Weaver's penchant for weighing a hitter's past performance against the opposing pitcher has infuriated players who have found themselves benched while holding a hot bat. Has there been much griping? "Not from me," says Grich. So admiring is he of Weaver's tactical competence that he has undertaken to tutor Weaver in hope of bringing his player relationships up to the level of his dugout smarts. "I told him last year, 'Younger players need a little guidance. They need to feel wanted.' He has an open mind. I later saw him talking quite a bit to rookie Jimmy Fuller."

Weaver concedes that Grich brought about a change in him. He recalls that rookie Tim Nordbrook, upon reporting to training camp this year, immediately presented himself at his office, just as Grich had five years earlier. "I got up," says Weaver, "and said, 'Timmy, glad to have you.' " Weaver relates the instance with all the pleasure to be had in remembering, say, a passed ball that brings defeat in the 14th inning.

One cannot say that Earl Weaver has no feeling for his athletes, but it is only when recalling a consummate professional that he speaks in terms that come close to affection. Casting his management vote in the autumn of 1971 to trade Frank Robinson to the Dodgers was, he says, the most difficult decision he has had to make as a manager. "I loved that guy," Weaver explains, "for the way he played baseball."

An Oriole player insists that Weaver acquired his gray hair in 1972 "when Don Buford hit .206 and had half as many errors as his batting average and Earl played him all year." The inference is that Weaver succumbed to the sin of loyalty, Buford having captured his heart with big seasons the previous four years. Says Weaver, "He was a very shaky outfielder, but this guy was as important to our offense as anybody I've ever seen. One year, with a man on third and less than two out, he got the runner in 19 times in a row. I called him Mr. Wonderful!" Had Weaver stuck with Buford in '72 to reward him? Heavens, no. "We're involved in a September pennant

race, and Donnie hasn't had a good year, but he might have a good month. When the money was on the table, I'd take Buford. But the harder he tried, the worse he got."

Yet if Weaver's refusal to allow personal feelings to encroach upon his job seems unreasonably cold, his players testify that a happy consequence of that approach is that Weaver rarely, if ever, has carried a grudge. Orioles, therefore, feel free to debate their manager face-to-face, even to the point of questioning his parentage, assured that 10 minutes later he will have dismissed their effrontery from his mind. Several years ago during a slump Brooks Robinson, the institution at third base, reacted in the expected Oriole manner upon reading in a newspaper a reference by Weaver to "players who are over the hill." Robinson made a bee-line to Weaver's office to tell him off. Nor has it been uncommon, passing Weaver's office, to overhear a ballplayer shouting, "How in the hell can you bench me today when I'm 9 for 23?" . . . and Weaver bellowing, "Because, for Christake, you been hitting against Lohich for four years and you're 2 for 41."

In point of fact, the relationship between Weaver and Jim Palmer, his four-time 20-game winner, has sporadically resembled in its fury a 3 a.m. domestic disturbance. Palmer—tall, lean and one of the most handsome big-name figures in American sports—possesses managerial ambitions and, by way of equipping himself, has been known to interrogate Weaver when the manager has invoked a puzzling tactic. No sweat there, but Palmer's on-field temperament matches Weaver's, blood vessel for blood vessel, and that is what triggers the sort of collision that occurred one day when Palmer found himself hooked up in Cleveland with the then-Indian Sam McDowell in a grudge pitching duel fired by mutual dislike. Throwing feverishly, Palmer had struck out 13 by the eighth inning, but then the Indians deadlocked the score 2-2, whereupon Weaver dispatched George Bamberger to ask Palmer, "How do you feel?"

"I'm exhausted," Palmer forthrightly replied, and then struck out the next hitter on three pitches to end the inning. In the top of the ninth, Palmer was to be the third hitter.

"How do you feel?" asked Weaver. Palmer, intent upon refreshing him-

self, had made for the water fountain, unhearing. "Don't turn away from me when I talk to you!" Weaver screamed. "How do you feel?"

"Well," Palmer answered, committing Bobby Grich's crime of dugout insolence, "if I was tired five minutes ago, it seems to me I'm still tired."

"Get the hell out of here!" Weaver stormed. Palmer stomped to the clubhouse, showered quickly in anger, lathered his face to shave, and then heard a thunderous roar that indicated to him Weaver's relief pitcher in the bottom of the inning had given up a game-ending home run. Weaver's clattering footsteps as he sprinted along the tunnel to the Orioles clubhouse told Palmer to whip off the shaving cream and be prepared. There ensued what Palmer describes as "a 35-minute talk."

"Slowly," says Palmer, "I realized I was a little bit at fault." His grudging confession alludes to the fact that the Orioles pay Weaver \$80,000 a year in part because General Manager Frank Cashen, among others, regards him as baseball's premier executor of lineup substitutions that force opposing managers to empty their bench in reply—a talent that requires concentration unbroken by sass from his players. "On the bench," Palmer has come to confess, "he's got other things on his mind." Still, Weaver's remarkable ability to tolerate heck-talk and barbs without forming a grudge undoubtedly explains why Palmer, referring to a celebrated run-in Weaver had with an acne-afflicted highway patrolman he addressed as Crater Face, feels free to begin banquet speeches with:

"I'd like to apologize for Earl not being here tonight, but the Maryland State Police are conducting a drivers' education class."

Yes, by George, retribution finds no place in Earl Weaver's heart. "He wants to be traded, so he's acting nasty," he said, forgivingly, when informed that Etchebarren wanted nothing to do with him. "Andy's always been a wonderful kid."

The wonderful kid, happily fated to be peddled in mid-June to the California Angels at Anaheim, just a few miles from his winter residence, snorts when Weaver's name comes up. "If you can't say anything nice about people, don't say anything. And I ain't got nothing nice to say about that guy."

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LITTLE, BROWN

The story goes that Weaver, from the age of 17 a St. Louis Cardinal farmhand, never made it to the big leagues as a player simply because his position, second base, was impregnably occupied by the sterling Red Schoendienst. Weaver, after all, had been selected the Most Valuable Player in three different minor leagues and finished his career with a creditable .267 batting average. Yet he debunks the alibi. "Schoendienst didn't keep me outta there," he says. "I could have made it as a utility player if I'd had a better arm."

Compelled to get by on bush-league pay and off-season jobs, he spent St. Louis winters inching his way toward his calling at the Liberty Loan Corporation. He unloaded bocases, serviced parking meters and clerked in the tax collector's office—whatever was available. Although clumsy with his hands, he took a construction job and the first day received a reprimand for using only three hours to transfer a large pile of sand from one side of a building to the other. "Listen, kid," he was told, "that job was supposed to last all day." He became a hod carrier, gamely traveling up ladders while men behind him cursed, ducking to avoid the bricks Weaver lost en route. As a stonemason's helper working 15 stories above ground, he was ordered off the job for toppling a \$400 slab of polished granite. Valued only for his ability to drive without incident to the nearest saloon for the workers' lunchtime beer, he accepted abuse phlegmatically. "The boss is still the boss, and that's the final say-so," he shrugs, grounded in an unquestioning respect for authority he has reluctantly learned not to insist upon from his present-day players.

In August of 1956, in his ninth pro baseball season with a last-place club at Knoxville, Weaver was handed the manager's job, but at 26 considered himself a player-manager without a future. He therefore resolved to find his niche, and the opening at the loan office appeared to be just that. Yet he could not say no when told by Baltimore brass a few months later that his managing had so impressed them they wanted him to join their organization. "I swear to God, the loan company begged me not to go back to baseball," Weaver says, but although Mr. Lichtenstein was to lose his Mr. Keen for ensuing springtimes and summers, baseball was gaining a strategist

who would climb upward through its elite of big winners to come to rest, for the time being, hard on the heels of Joe McCarthy.

Having known insecurity, Weaver has experienced no illusions of grandeur along the way. Says General Manager Cashen, "I never knew anybody who was more of an organization man. There are times, for example, when you have a young player in training camp who can help Earl to win, but you want him to go back and play every day so as not to retard his progress. Earl will go along with us. As a field manager, he is quick, bright and imaginative. I feel this guy runs a ball game better than anybody I've ever seen." Diminutive and tomato-faced, Cashen even approves of Weaver's voice: "He and I used to go into piano bars together and challenge any man in the house."

This season, alas, although at the outset Weaver regarded his roster as first-place material, the Orioles have floundered in the dregs of the American League's Eastern Division, well on their way toward the perilous corner from which, last year, they had to paint themselves out with a charge. "The principal problem has been real simple," says Weaver. "Base hits. Especially base hits with men on base." Grich, Paul Blair and Lee May have been hitting in the .220s, although May has begun to drive in runs. Characteristically, Weaver nourishes hope by breast-feeding on past performances, saying, "Lee May averages more than 90 RBIs a year, so we got a whole lot coming."

Perhaps so, yet the Orioles are wobbling well under .500, and Weaver is sensitive that the narrow gap separating him from Joe McCarthy is expanding. "This might be the worst won-lost record I've ever had," he says. But he has not trampled on McCarthy's shadow by entertaining failure, and now, asked to evaluate the state of the team's morale, he summons bravado to grapple with the major league psyche that he normally downplays. "Anytime you have a ball-player not hitting, he's not as exuberant as if he's getting three, four, five hits a game. But believe it or not, each of us figures we're going to win. *We're going to win.* Our guys do feel we're going to win. At least I feel they feel we're going to win."

If indeed the Orioles harbor such con-

fidence, they can look for encouragement to the record that says 14 of the 19 minor and major league teams Weaver has managed finished either first or second. His commitment to winning is total. Chain-smoking and riding herd on umpires, Weaver likely as not will finish the season almost voiceless. Equipment manager Clay Reid takes an oath that clear back in the clubhouse he frequently can hear Weaver going at the plate umpire from the very first pitch. "*I go to bed last night? You get no sleep!*" Steeped in the rule book, Weaver once persuaded an umpire to overrule two colleagues, whereupon with a theatrical up-from-the-heels toss of his thumb, Weaver gave the two mistaken umps the heave-ho. (Alas, they declined to leave.) Cunning when it serves his purpose, he once protested to Boston sportswriters that visiting teams are handicapped by umpires at Fenway Park who, he insisted, give Carl Yastrzemski five strikes. The next night the ever-inquisitive Jim Palmer, before going out to pitch, buttonholed Weaver to demand of him, "How do you expect us to pitch here if what you told the papers is true?"

With a wink, the manager confided, "It keeps the umps on their toes."

Meantime, for all of his success, Weaver's Orioles for two years running have been eliminated in the American League playoffs by the Oakland A's. "Belly to belly," he says, refusing to offer excuses, "they beat us." One senses, however, that those defeats lie painfully upon Weaver's ego. He is, after all, a manager who prides himself on his executive contribution, the proof perhaps being that the night before he managed his first World Series he lay abed wondering not entirely how the Series would turn out; with knowledge that the nation would be watching, he asked himself, "What if them dumb S.O.B.s hit out of turn and I don't catch it?"

All right, it also takes vanity to pursue Joe McCarthy. A Baltimore sportswriter remembers that Weaver in an idle moment asked him his opinion of Texas Ranger Manager Billy Martin. "Martin," the sportswriter replied, "is an egomaniac. He's a loudmouth who thinks he knows everything."

"Well," said Weaver, pondering the characterization and seeming to find in it just what he would expect of an effective manager, "ain't I?"

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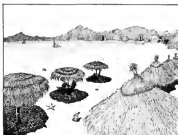
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 23-29

ACQUINTANCE—Led by 18-year-old **DARRILL PACE** of Cincinnati, the U.S. men's world team sprinter championship team (also at Jacksonville, South Carolina) Pace was the men's individual champion with a world-record 2:54.00 points, a 90-point haul over teammate **Richard McKinney**. The U.S. women finished third behind the Soviet Union, which won both the individual (**ZELINSKO R.L.S. TAMOVA**) and team titles, and North Korea.

BOWLING—**ROBINNY GUENTHER** cruised to victory in his home town, beating **Alfie Clarke** 243-212 in the final of the \$50,000 Senior Open. Guenther won \$5,000 for first place.

CRASH—**ANGEL CLOSA ESPADA** of Puerto Rico won a unanimous 15-round decision over **Clyde Gray** of Toronto to take the vacant WBA welterweight crown in San Juan, Jose Napoles was stopped of the sale in March for failing to schedule a championship bout.

BOLF—For the second consecutive year, **WAKE FOREST** took both the team and individual championships at the NCAA tournament held at the time at Columbus, Ohio. Wake's first player **JAY HANSEN** led Alabama's Jerry Pace by one stroke with a 54-under-par 261 for the individual crown. Sinking a 15-foot birdie putt on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff with **Carl Mason**, **JOHN W. CARKER** won the \$40,000 Peter Jackson Classic at Tanners and first-place money of \$12,000. Both players had carried 234 after 36 holes.

HARRIER—**NEED**, driven by **Joe O'Brien**, won the two-day leg of racing's triple crown by taking the one-mile, \$300,000 **Casa Pace** at Yonkers. In his first heat, the 3-year-old colt trampled over **Turport Hay** by three lengths in 1:59.7, to pass 32-40. In the re-hatting race he beat **Alberta Mel** by 1½ lengths in 1:55.5 (32-40).

HORSE RACING—Canada's 1974 Horse of the Year, **LISFOLIA LAR** (34-39), ridden by **Sandy Hawley**, took the lead underback to reach and respond to a 2½-length victory over **Yearling High Seas** in the \$45,000 Queen's Plate at Woodbine in Toronto. His jockey for the 1½ miles was 2:02.4.

GRUNDY, ridden by **Pat Edey**, became the third English Derby winner in 12 years to also capture the Irish Sweep Derby. The three-year-old colt covered 1½ miles in 2:11.1, to beat **King Pegasus** by two lengths in The Curragh outside of Dublin. **FORCE TEN** (\$15,800), **Donald Preece** on, took the \$200,000 sweepstakes by two lengths over **Saboti** in Hollywood Park in Inglewood, Calif. I recently won the 1½ miles in 1:59.7. **Pavane** (Chabolo and Avatar) were third and sixth respectively.

MOTOR SPORTS—**A.J. FOYT**, driving a **Copeland**, won the rain-shortened race, 500 after 425 miles, averaging 140.712 mph at **Long Pond, Pa.** **Wally Dallenbach** was second.

ROBBER—Score two weeks, 2,000 miles and 11 stops after last year's Los Angeles, world open class touring champion **GEORGE MCFEAT** of Elizabeth, N.J., landed at Dallas Airport, Washington, D.C., to capture the fourth annual **Samford Springs Derby**. **McFeat** scored 8,880 points to current driver **Meat** **Reichman** of **Salem**, West Germany, the world standard class touring champion.

ROBBER—**NASL** Portland rolled off its eighth victory in nine games to leap into second place in the Western Division behind Seattle. The Portland Sea Lions, Los Angeles and San Jose by identical 2-1 scores. **Striker Peter Wall** accounted for three of the four goals and assisted on the other. **Brian** won two games in as many nights, beating both Hartford and Toronto 5-1. New York moved into first place in the Northern Division as an all-time league-record crowd of 15,628 turned out to watch **Bob C. Coughlin** kick Washington 5-2 in the season's capitol. **Pete** registered two goals and two assists. At work, **Tommy** was back on top of the 12th floor. **Mike** started in a 6-1 mugging of Baltimore. **Miami** refused to give ground in its fight with the **Knights** by also beating the **Knights** 3-1. **Central** leader **St. Louis** watched its big lead slowly being whittled away by Dallas, which scored a pair of 2-1 victories over Chicago and Vancouver while the Stars fell to Chicago 1-0 in its headliner.

ASL New York's home unbeaten streak was halted at 41 when Connecticut stopped the **Apollon** 2-1. **Yankees** **Joe Calabrese** and **John** **McConnell** led the goals. **Dwight** did not let the **Knights** lead the **Knights** **Onyiah** by four points over New Jersey at week's end. With 10 goals in 10 games, **Mike** **Muller** scored the winning goal in front of Chicago 4-3. **The Los Angeles** **Apollon**'s first goal was scored in a 2-1 win over **Metropolitan** **Cleveland**. **Joe** **Boston** scored twice to become the league leader with seven goals and two assists, as the **Astros** won by two goals over **Claude** **Chicago** inside 14 minutes to give the New Jersey **Knights** their second 2-0 win this season over defending league champion **Rhode Island**.

YANKEE—**PETE GURRY**, 18, of **Longwood**, **Mass.** won, defeated **Joe** **Leeman** 3-1 to capture the USLA Intercollegiate singles title at Duke University.

THIRD **S. PAUL**—**Greg** **Brown**'s **ALAN PANG** was first in the vote in a star-studded 400-meter hurdle field at the World Cup in Helsinki, Finland. **Pang**'s time was 41:02; second was **Ole** **Peter**.

champion **John** **Aki** **Bua** of Uganda, third was to **Jon** **Boateng** of the U.S.

ANORS **CAROL** **RUD** of Sweden set a world record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase with an 8:10.4 clocking during an international meet in Oslo, Norway. **Ben** **Spice** had set the previous mark of 8:14.14 last year.

GRETE **ANDERSEN** of Norway set a world record in the women's 3,000-meter race with a time of 8:46.4, despite the same meet. The previous record of 8:52.8 was set last year by the USSR's **Lyudmila** **Brugina**.

MAGELINE MANNING JACKSON of Cleveland broke her own American record in the 800 meters with a 2:03.0 at the AAU Senior Women's Championships in White Plains, N.Y. **JANE FRIDRICH**, 18, of the Los Angeles Track Club, who won the U.S. women's 800-meter championship at the 1974 points last week, took the 200-meter hurdles in 13.8 (24-29).

VOLLEYBALL—**IPVA**, **Kathy** **Gregory** of San Diego claimed her presence on the **Knights** home court by coming up with 12 saving digs on a four-game loss to Los Angeles, which was its third in 11. **The Stars** **Jon** **Stanley** and **Ed** **Buck** had 13 kills between them while **Assante** **4** **Coach** **Dodge** **Parker** earned on 40 shots and scrambled for 20 digs. **San** **Diego** remained safe the league, but the **Seniors** **Bern** **Snyder** were eliminated by scoring only of three matches. **Jeff** **Reider** and **Stanley** **Lincoln** continued their stellar play for the **Knights**. **Ed** **Pace** **Knights** was also.

BASEBALL—**RENESSANCE** **AL** **DELVECHIO**, 43, as head coach of the **NHL** **Detroit** **Red** **Wings**. His two-year coaching record was 50-75-21. **Delvech**, who coached as general manager, while **DELVECH** **BARKLEY**, 38, assumed the coaching duties for a second year.

DIED **Reserve** **New** **York** **Nat** **Forward** **WEN** **DILL** **CADRE**, 26, in a plane crash that killed 11 others, at **John F. Kennedy** **Airport** in **New** **York**. A graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi, the 6' 11" **Lefty** began his professional career with Memphis in the 1970-71 **AFL** season and was picked for the **AFL** **Knicks** and **All** **Star** teams. He had also played for **Car** **and** **Am** **Knicks** before a mysterious trade sent him to the **Nats** in 1974.

DIED **ED** **BENNY** **BASS**, 70, world featherweight and junior lightweight boxing champion at the last 1926, in **Elkins** **Park**, **Pa.**

CREDITS

16, 17—**Dick** **Rogers**, **Maria** **I**, **New** **York**, 18, 19 **Dick** **Rogers**, **Maria** **I**, **New** **York** (20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000).

FACES IN THE CROWD



ERNE LEYDECKER, 44, tennis coach at Gurn High in Palo Alto, Calif., has led his team to 105 straight victories since 1969. The **Titan** won their last match of this year and since then have posted records of 16-0, 16-0, 18-0, 17-0, 20-0 and 17-0.



RONNIE HARRIS, 17, of Charlottesville, Va., moved a tie for the high school record in the 220-yard dash because his 20.6 clocking in Miami Prospect, Ill. proved to be wind-aided, in the same meet he had a 46.4 in the 440, the best high school time this year.



SAM ALTREUTER, 23, junior at Tufts University in Medford, Mass., captured the North American single-handed sailing title in his Force 3 and was voted outstanding sailor of the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association Championships on Lake Michigan.



PAT UNDERWOOD, 40, first baseman on the Kokomo (Ind.) High baseball team, pitched three no-hitters and a two-hitter (all were shutouts) in a span of 15 days. Pat, 9-3 for the season with an 0.92 ERA, struck out 59 of the 72 batters he faced in the no-hitters.



LYNN EPSTEIN, 17, of Miami Beach, Fla., won the girls' title of the Seacrest Tennis Classic in Montevideo, N.Y., by defeating Susan Hapoy of La Jolla, Calif. 4, 1-6, 7-5. Lynn, 11th-ranked U.S. junior, earlier led Miami Beach High to the state championships.



BRENDA MOREHEAD, 17, of Toledo, Ohio, ran an 11.4 100-meter dash, matching the American record during the National AAU women's championships in White Plains. Brenda also holds the national long jump record at 19' 2 1/2" and 200 meters with a 23.9.

TROUBLE IN TAFT

Sir:

Congratulations on your article *Violent Return to a Troubled Past* (June 23). I am glad to see that people who can speak out do so. The fight to expose ignorance and bigotry needs all the help it can get. I hope that more than just exposure will be the result of your article. The situation in Taft, Calif., is a familiar one in many small towns throughout the country. Good luck to the athletes who are going back to Taft College for another try and "right on" to the good element in Taft for its efforts to try to control and search out the trouble in the town. Too few people want to get involved or do anything these days. It is refreshing to find some who are concerned.

RUSS WARRINGTON

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Sir:

I was sickened but glad to read in *SI* the article concerning the troubles at Taft College. I also was glad to read *Rocky Bleier's* War in your June 9 issue. No doubt you will receive letters complaining that neither the Vietnam war nor the racial turmoil of a small community is a subject for a sports magazine, yet it is precisely this kind of blindness that allows a situation like the one in Taft to get out of hand. I hope *SI* will continue to print such articles. Unfortunately, some people have managed to ignore or forget Hitler and Jesse Owens, the tragedy of the 1972 Olympics and the problems involved in South African competitions, not to mention countless other events that are less publicized. For those who have missed the obvious connection between world and national affairs and the world of sports, *SI* is providing a necessary service.

Keep hitting them in the face with it, agitation is one possible step to enlightenment.

LAURA C. STALOWICK

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I didn't find the article worthy of *SI*. It seems to be very one-sided, particularly the account of Joe Rhone's carrying a saved-off shotgun which "accidentally" wounded Doug Henry. Somehow I couldn't sympathize with Rhone to the extent that Joe Jares seemed to expect.

I suspect that both the athletics and the thugs in the town were so blame for the violent events narrated. However, Jares never really reveals the cause of these events. He merely implies that a Ku Klux Klan

mentality was responsible, which, to me at least, seems too simple an explanation. Innocent blacks versus evil whites is a true situation that I doubt exists in Taft, or elsewhere.

LARRY J. REYNOLDS

College Station, Texas

Sir:

As a former resident of Tulare, Calif., I thought the article on racism in Taft was long overdue. As you pointed out, it is not a recent development in Taft's history and it does not stop at the city limits. The same problem exists in varying degrees in Delano, Porterville, Tulare and most of the other small towns in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley.

Taft has now been nationally embarrassed and should take this time to re-evaluate its standards and, one hopes, establish a precedent of racial tolerance and acceptance for the entire valley.

Blacks are more readily accepted in athletics than in any other field, but a school must have the complete support of the community to go any further in seeing that "equal rights" are in fact equal for all human beings, black, white, red, brown or yellow.

BARBARA LIGHT NISSE

Fort Monroe, Va.

Sir:

From "Legend" to "Loon," your issue of June 23 was one of the finest covers to cover that I have read in quite a while. I was most impressed with the variety of the articles: from Joe Jares' exposé of the racism troubled town of Taft, Calif., to tarpon fishing in the Florida Keys to the initial appearance in New York of a true superstar on the American scene. You put together a complete résumé of sport in its many realms, on and off the field.

BRUCE HALEN

Visalia, Calif.

WELCOMING PELÉ

Sir:

Watch out football, *football* is here. With Pelé's arrival in the U.S. (*Curtain Call for a Legend*, June 23), soccer will no longer be a "minor" sport. It already is on the rise with younger Americans; it just hasn't yet flourished on the pro scene. Jerry Kirschenbaum deserves a standing ovation for his excellent article on Pelé.

FREDERICK HALVAR

Richmond, Va.

BY CANOE

Sir:

In his article *You Hear Loons Calling* (June 23) Mason Smith created as eloquent a piece of contemporary journalism as I have read in your magazine, maybe in any magazine. I heard the fresh sounds of his quiet summer, of water lapping on newly varnished wood. Smith's words are laid together as tightly as are the ribs on his brother's Rushton canoe.

JOE SOUCHBEAY

St. Paul

Sir:

I greatly enjoyed the article by Mason Smith. Many people have discovered the satisfaction of designing, building and sailing their own craft. It is a total and individual effort carried out in a world characterized by mass production and lost identity. The work is hard with little monetary gain, yet the reward is great if you are willing to make the sacrifice.

People like Mason Smith and marine museums and shops such as those in Mystic, Conn. and Bath, Maine are helping to expand an art that had nearly become extinct. The admirers of J. Henry Rushton, Howard J. Chapelle and Nathaniel Herreshoff are indebted to you.

MIKE MCENROY

Albany, N.Y.

EMMYS

Sir:

William Leggett's suggestion (TV/RADIO, June 23) that the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences consider an Emmy sports award program is an excellent one. The growth of sports on television during the past 15 years has been phenomenal and it is time that the sports Emmys have their own place on the tube.

The problem is that the growth is all too recent by TV standards. Before 1960 ABC had no sports department and CBS and NBC sports vice-presidents were directly under news departments.

Leggett's periodic comments on TV sports are excellent.

CLIFF DIETAR

North Hollywood, Calif.

ALIEN CHAMPIONS

Sir:

Xenophobia is growing (*It Was a Foreign Affair*, June 16). I am one American who is appalled at the notion that there is something wrong or even unfair about foreign athletes

competing and winning in the NCAA track championships.

We Americans pride ourselves on being a nation of immigrants and one that judges people on merit. There is nothing wrong with a university letting the best athletes, of whatever heritage, represent it in athletic competition.

Any collegian's education is heightened by meeting, being a roommate of and competing against articulate students from different cultures. These non-American athletes, many of whom are honor students, give American society much more than they take from it.

DANIEL HICKMAN

Columbus, Ohio

Sir,

The NCAA track meet is held to determine the best American collegians, not the best American collegians.

Fanny, when Villanova imported farmers from Ireland, it was considered quaint, import a few Kenyans and it's a threat to the Republic.

Eating Out.

Washington, D.C.

Sent

Contributions to Ron Reed on an excellent article about the NCAA track and field meet. Why should we allow universities such as UTEP to have athletes compete for them? After all, the "N" in NCAA stands for "national," as in our nation, not many nations. So why aren't further restrictions placed on the foreigners competing in college track and field? They use our facilities and continue to improve, and then they return home to take away medals from Uncle Sam in the Olympics as a result of this improvement. Any university that has to resort to this tactic has got to be hurting.

Moravia, N. Y.

HALL, C. L. & HODGES, A. B. 2003

Sir

UCLA Track Coach Jim Bush is mighty upset about UTLF's successful use of alien athletes, but he is neglecting the practices of his own school. UTLF's use of non-U.S. citizens is no more repugnant than a college handing out scholarships to U.S. athletes who live as far away as 3,000 miles, as UCLA has done in basketball in recruiting the likes

of Lew Alcindor (New York City), Andre McCarter (Philadelphia), Pete Trgovich (East Chicago, Ind.) and Richard Washington (Portland, Ore.).

If "win at any cost" is the objective of schools like UCLA and UTIP, why let foreign boundaries become a barrier?

MICHAEL D. HILL
South Pasadena, Calif.

South Pasadena, Calif.

Sur.

Ron Reid's article on the NCAA outdoor track meet has to be the most biased ever printed in your magazine. If he had done a little research, he might have recalled that when UCLA Coach Jim Bush won his first national championship, he had a rather large foreign contingent scoring points for him.

We in El Paso are all very proud of Coach Ted Banks and Assistant Coach John Wadell and the fine job they have done in putting together "the best track team" in America and, believe me, that's what it is. Certainly, we have many fine foreign athletes who are attending our university and we are proud that they have chosen to get their education here. El Paso takes great pride in

2008/09/25

Words by
CAROLYN LEIGH
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MAURINE V. NEEL

El Paso

GOING STRONG Sir

What a delightful story on Jim Kaat (*Jim's Jelly Repentance*, June 9). I remember him as one of the better American League pitchers when he was 21 and I was a 9-year-old in the Bronx. It was with nostalgic pleasure that I read of his 21 victories last season. In those days of the designated hitter it is not as hard for an outfielder to prolong his career, but for a pitcher it is a tremendous achievement. Congratulations, Jim Kaat, may you pitch until you have won 300 games.

MICHAEL PINCUS

Sanderstead, England

PRESENTS FROM THE METS Sir

Your article on Nolan Ryan (*Wings of the Big Bear*, June 16) made me realize that in the past few years the New York Mets have traded away many potential stars who later turned into top-name players for other teams. One is Ryan, who was traded with three others for Jim Fregoso, now playing only part time for Billy Martin's Rangers. Another is Amos Otis, star outfielder for the Royals. He not only carries a hot bat, he has speed and a fine glove. In the National League, Buzz Capra, picked up from the Mets for an estimated \$35,000, emerged as a 16-game winner for the Braves. And consider the Rusty Staub deal, which sent Ken Singleton, Mike Jorgensen and Tim Loh, all promising young players, to the Expos. This year the Mets traded Tug McGraw and Don Hahn to the Phils.

ELMI WERLING

Schenectady, N.Y.

NOT ENOUGH Sir

Lately it seems that everyone is complaining about the "evanescent" length of the seasons in major professional sports. I can only ask how they can be too long if you are a sports fan. To me the seasons of football, baseball, hockey, basketball, etc. are, if anything, over too quickly. If I am enjoying a good book, I don't complain about its being too long; if I am having a particularly good day, I don't complain about its being too long. Can you really get too much of a good thing?

CHARLES DUNHAM

Phoenix, Ariz.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Tim & Lili Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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